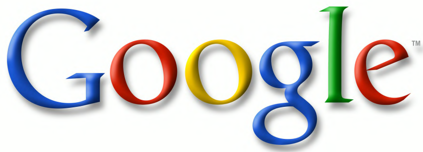

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BY

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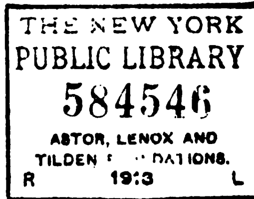

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PREFACE

AT a Continental hotel, upon a laundry list prepared specially for English and American guests, there is found, after the usual catalogue of shirts, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, etc., a peculiar generic name, "Variosshapes." Having made certain modest efforts in history, biography, and fiction, I come now before the public with my "Variosshapes," which are as miscellaneous in outline and substance as the forms of old Proteus himself.

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PROTEAN PAPERS

ON SPELLBINDERS

A LOCAL authority on spellbinding once gave me the following prescription: "Fill yourself with your subject, knock out the bung, and let nature caper." Even according to this recipe it is necessary to fill yourself with your subject, and no man is of much use in a political campaign who has not made a careful study of the issues.

But men do this in different ways. One will prepare a speech and commit it verbatim. Another will read all he can lay his hands on, classify and arrange his thoughts, and then trust to the occasion for his language. Another will prepare two or three addresses, or at least the materials for them,

and then select, at the last moment, the one which he thinks best adapted to the audience and the circumstances.

The spellbinder, talking as he does day after day, is sure to find out by experience the things that are most effective in what he says. He soon leaves out the poorer parts of his speeches, adds something new to the rest, and before the end of the campaign there is developed, by a natural and experimental evolution, a far better argument than the one with which he began it.

The man who goes out with a single address is sometimes caught in an awkward predicament. It is depressing to find among your auditors a large delegation from Smithville, where you delivered that magnificent peroration just two nights before. Even the same line of argument is apt to weary those who have once heard it. The "Compleat Angler" who expects to catch many kinds of fish will not go out with a single kind of bait, and the "Compleat Spellbinder" ought to have an assortment of speeches. Sometimes the daily press will report what you say in full, and it is embarrassing to come before your auditors prepared only to repeat what they

have just read in the newspaper. I remember once being nearly caught in that predicament in Chicago, through the error of a reporter to whom a copy of my remarks had been given in advance, for, as I came upon the stage of the Central Music Hall one evening, I found myself congratulated upon an address which I was supposed to have delivered that afternoon, and which filled some two or three columns of the evening paper. Luckily I had other material on hand, and could substitute.

The only safe plan for the spellbinder is to have speeches enough to "go round." But if the newspapers print all you say, you are sometimes hard put to it to furnish new matter. Once when I was campaigning in Massachusetts, one of the Boston papers asked me each day to dictate "copy" to a reporter, which the editor afterwards interspersed with presumptive "applause," "laughter," "great enthusiasm," etc., in advance of delivery. This went on very well until Friday, when I found myself pumped dry, and on Saturday I was compelled, for lack of new matter, to condense the previous speeches of the week into one.

It seems to me marvellous how men like Mr. Bryan, whose speeches are reported by the score and the hundred, can hold out as long as they do. But, in fact, after the first week or two there is little change. They avail themselves of new occurrences, local allusions, etc., but the substance of their addresses is much the same.

For the purpose of furnishing materials for spellbinders, each of the parties prepares a "Campaign Text-Book." This work is generally done by specialists, a particular subject being given to the man who is supposed to know the most about it. These books are hastily compiled, however, and are not by any means the best sources from which the spellbinder may collect his materials. They are often inaccurate and always violently partisan, generally concealing the opposing facts and arguments, so that the man who relies upon them may easily be caught napping by an antagonist who understands the other side of the question, which these "textbooks" fail to disclose.

The joint debate is perhaps the best method of political discussion. In this the "campaign lie" has to be eliminated.

Such a debate requires more careful preparation than a regular speech, yet even here there is a great deal that depends upon accident and the humor of the audience. I remember once debating with a Greenbacker in a little country town. He had sent me a challenge, and when it came to dividing the time, I told him I would make the division and he might say which of the two sections he would prefer. One of us was to speak half an hour, the other was to have an hour to reply, and the man who spoke first was to close in fifteen minutes. My opponent preferred to take the hour. The speeches were made from the porch of a country store. There was a large number of improvised benches, where the people sat, and behind these was a circle of carriages. It was quite dark, there being no light except immediately around the speakers, so that the carriages in the rear were scarcely visible. I spoke for my half hour, and then my adversary, an intelligent farmer, made a very good argument, carefully prepared, which needed an answer. I had only fifteen minutes in which to reply. I talked as rapidly as possible, answering his propositions one after another

in quick succession. Suddenly a voice came from one of the carriages in the rear of the crowd asking a question. I replied quickly, and went on. Then followed another question and another, until the object seemed to be to cut short my time. Fortunately there came to my rescue a farmer boy, who rose in the midst of the audience. He was a freckled, red-headed lad, in shirt sleeves, with one suspender holding up his trousers. He pointed back into the darkness whence the voice proceeded, and solemnly asked, "Who the devil are you, anyway?" and a voice replied, "I am the Hon. Charles Jenkins of Ohio." "Well, why the devil don't you go back to Ohio?" A shout went up from the throng and all further interruption ceased.

Men who interrupt the speaker are not often wise. The man on the platform has a great advantage, for he has the last word and a sympathetic audience, so that even a poor retort uttered with a triumphant air is sure to carry the day.

Not long ago when I happened to mention the name of Mr. Bryan, a big fellow rose in the midst of the audience, flung his

arms aloft, and shouted, "He 's a good man," and there was applause from some Democratic benches. I said to him, "Suppose you tell me, my friend, one good thing he ever did in public life," and I paused for a reply. Now I was taking some chances in this challenge. Perhaps the man really knew of something valuable in Mr. Bryan's career, something I had not heard of. In that case he could have turned the tables on me. But he could not think of anything, so, after a dead silence, there came another burst of applause, and this time it was for me, as my interlocutor slipped to the door amid the jeers of the bystanders.

Encouraged by this success, at my next meeting I asked the entire audience the same question, and the answer came, "He prophesied," which gave an opportunity for salutary elaboration.

On another occasion the answer was, "He broke up the Democratic party," which gave room for a profitable distinction between voluntary and involuntary beneficence.

Thus it is that the spellbinder can often score a point if he encourages interruptions,

for a running debate is far more effective than a continuous speech. Sometimes, however, the interruptions are so incoherent as to be disastrous. Once while addressing an out-of-door meeting, after obtaining some trifling advantage over an interlocutor, I called for further criticism, when a little old man, with a long chin beard, emitted from the outskirts of the crowd some inarticulate noises which sounded to me like "Wah-hoo-wah-hee-bah!" I put my hand to my ear, assumed "a pleasant expression," and said, "I did not quite understand my friend." Again the noises were repeated, only a little louder. The man had evidently some impediment in his speech. I believe it is a well understood principle that, where one is speaking in an unknown tongue, the way to become perfectly clear is to utter exactly the same sounds with greater vociferation and redoubled energy. Again I repeated my inquiry, and this time he screamed at the top of his voice, "Wah-hoo-wah-hee-bah!"

Generally the wrath of the audience pursues the man guilty of the interruption, but this time it was very justly directed against

myself, for a big fellow in front, who had heard enough of this sort of joint discussion, cried out in disgust, "Oh, go on, we 've got to go to bed some time."

Once, while political feeling was very bitter, I was speaking in the opera house of one of the cities of the Northwest, when a man in one of the front seats arose and commenced asking questions. I answered them apparently to the satisfaction of the audience, who cheered lustily at every retort. But this only spurred him on to renewed efforts, until finally a cry, "Put him out!" arose from many parts of the house. It seemed to me that the colloquy was profitable, and I asked the audience to let him alone. But the chairman of the meeting was seized with great indignation, and, rushing to the footlights, shook his fist at the interlocutor, swore at him, and ordered him to get out. The man at last said he was going, but asked first to shake hands with the speaker. I invited him to come forward and do so, not without apprehensions that he would "yank" me over the footlights, and the handshaking on my part was very brief. While it was going on a policeman stole up behind him,

seized him by the collar, and his departure was more sudden than he intended.

Campaign oratory, being largely extemporaneous, varies greatly in excellence, according to the mood of the speaker and the temper of the audience. In one place there will be an enthusiastic multitude to greet every effective point with ringing salvos of applause; at the next place there will be silence; in a third there will be general inattention and disorder, and perhaps the spellbinder will find his audience beginning to disperse within a few minutes after he commences his speech. A political audience is not to be held together like the congregation of a church or an assemblage that has paid its money for a lecture. A man who attends a campaign meeting will not hesitate to leave when he has heard enough. I think we campaigners generally attribute an exodus from the hall while we are talking either to the hot night or to the trains which are just about to depart, or else to a conspiracy set on foot by the opposite party. But there are times when we cannot flatter ourselves with these illusions.

I remember making an address in my

own State, illustrated (as I thought) by a few apposite quotations. The audience listened attentively and appreciatively for more than two hours. I made substantially the same speech a few days later in a little country town in Maine, but I noticed that my hearers were restless and a number left the hall. Next morning, while sitting on the porch of the village inn, I overheard two countrymen who met in the dusty square in front.

"Was you to the meetin' last night, neighbor Jenkins?" asked one of the other.

"Yaas," was the answer.

"Did ye hear the speakin'?"

"Yaas."

"How was it?"

"Oh, 't wa' n't no account. 'T was mostly quotashunns."

"Do tell!"

Evidently the demand in that place was for original thought.

Opinions of a speech will differ widely among those who hear it. After a rather earnest argument at a meeting in a country town one of my auditors came up and clasped me by both my hands, crying enthusiastically, "That was a slick one!"

Just outside the door two others were talking together as I passed. "What did you think of it?" said one. "I call it a bum speech," said the other. Now, whatever be the precise meaning of "slick" and "bum," no latitude of definition will ever make them synonymous. So I passed on, consoling myself that the last man must have been a wicked Democrat.

There is a great difference in audiences as to applause. Generally they are more demonstrative in the cities than in the country districts, and I think perhaps a Chicago audience is more responsive than that of any other city in the North. In some of the rural neighborhoods of New England they call a political speech a "lecture," and seem to think they ought to treat it with the same solemnity as a sermon.

At a meeting in the pretty opera house of a quiet Maine town the hall was filled with a gathering of grave and substantial citizens. The committeemen and local party leaders arranged themselves in a semicircle across the stage, much like the performers in a minstrel show, and every hit made by the speaker was greeted with a methodical clapping of hands from the "thin

black line" behind him, but with absolute silence in front; yet the gravity of no one, either on the stage or on the floor, was disturbed in the least by the unilateral character of the applause thus solemnly administered.

Some audiences are much slower in "seeing the point" than others, and again, there is a great difference between different groups even in the same audience. I have often seen a ripple of applause or laughter break out repeatedly in one particular spot, and then it would seem to diffuse itself in circling waves until it reached the extreme verge of the crowd.

There are two kinds of applause which appear to me very different in character. One is that which gives an appropriate greeting to some apt sentiment, or to the conclusion of an argument, and the other is that which follows the mere utterance of a popular name, generally the name of some candidate. The latter kind is not specially complimentary to the speaker.

Indeed, noisy demonstration is very rarely a proof of the excellence of a speech. I remember once hearing a fine argument by Senator Sherman, which was

received in silence, and was followed by a speech by "Jim" Sullivan, the Irish orator, who rehearsed his story of the Republican pup that had its eyes open and the Democratic pup that had its eyes closed, with other narratives of like character, which were greeted with rapturous applause; and I then and there resolved to eschew all efforts to awaken that sort of enthusiasm. The close attention of an audience ought to be as gratifying as the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, and shouts from "the boys" interjected at inopportune places.

The point of a story is often the signal for an outburst, and no one can deny the power of apposite illustration. The parables of the Bible and the stories of Lincoln had in them a pith and a point which could not be as well made in any other way. But many speakers are tempted, not to make the story the illustration of the speech, but to make the speech a mere *pot-pourri* of stories. The man who does this may be amusing, but in the long run he will not be taken seriously, and if he be unfamiliar with his audience he is likely to tread on somebody's toes without intending it.

In the campaign where James D. Williams and Benjamin Harrison were opposing candidates for the governorship of Indiana, we Republicans used to make great fun of "Blue Jeans," as we called him, ridiculing his rustic manners and his homespun ways. We did n't make much by it, for the people of Indiana were mostly farmers, and after he had been elected and had made an honest, respectable, and sensible governor, our campaign jokes looked rather pitiful in retrospect. One night I spoke at a small neighborhood meeting, and repeated to my audience the following story which was going the rounds:

Mr. Williams, who was then a member of Congress, was washing his hands at one of the lavatories in the Capitol, when an attendant handed him three towels. He sighed at such wanton extravagance and exclaimed: "Why, down at my farm we make a single towel last the family a week!"

This was a pretty poor story, but for all that I was astonished to see that there was not a smile upon any of the faces before me; indeed, their countenances took on even a deeper gloom. On my way home,

as we drove through the woods, my companion said to me:

"You did n't make any great hit with your story about Blue Jeans's towel."

"No, I did n't seem to."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"Well, I 'll tell you. There was n't a farmer in that crowd that had n't done the same thing himself!"

Even the story-teller, however, is far more effective than the solemn and oracular wiseacre who, in slow and sepulchral tones, utters commonplaces as impressively as if they were the emanations of divine wisdom. This style of oratory is only endurable when it comes from a Senator or a member of the Cabinet.

Then there is the man who begins with a long introduction and spends half his time before he reaches the first point, working very hard to little purpose, like a leaky bellows. Then there is the man who denounces everybody and thus solidifies the ranks of the enemy until he is called off from his unprofitable tour by the managing committee.

I used to go stumping with the distin-

guished Colonel B——, who would talk of "scoundrels and murderers," and connect them in some inscrutable way with "the rotten old Democratic party." When I would tell him that was not the way to win Democratic votes, he would rejoin, "But it *is* the rotten old Democratic party." His maxim evidently was, "Let the truth be spoken though the heavens fall." Once a committee called upon me to protest against the Colonel's violent epithets. I told them they had better call on the Colonel; that I had already remonstrated, but that he had rejoined, "It rouses the people!"

Denunciation is always dangerous unless it be during the last days of a campaign, when party lines are tightly drawn, and the sole purpose of the managers is to keep their men within the ranks.

There is a great difference among spellbinders in dramatic power. Many years ago I had occasion to serve as chairman of a committee which investigated certain serious abuses in the benevolent institutions of my State, notably in the insane hospital. The condition of affairs was very grave. There was evidence of extensive

corruption in the contracts for supplies, unwholesome food was furnished to the patients at extravagant prices, and they suffered greatly from the neglect and cruelty of their attendants, who were appointed for political services under the spoils system then prevailing. We exposed these iniquities in considerable detail, and the issue became an important one in the next campaign. I was speaking in the courthouse of one of our county towns with a young man who has since become a United States Senator. I spoke first and related the abuses we had discovered, making, as it seemed to me, a pretty strong case. I had perhaps a better personal knowledge of the facts than any one outside the institutions we investigated.

After I closed, my companion rose. He walked backwards and forwards along the small open space reserved for the members of the bar, and drew a burning picture of the horrors inflicted upon the helpless victims of madness. You could smell the tainted meat and see the maggots in the butter on the tables of the asylum; you could hear the blows of the brutal attendants upon the backs of the patients;

you could listen to their screams as the scalding water poured upon them in the bath-tubs where they had been left by their drunken caretakers. So vivid was the scene that the audience in the court-room became hysterical with sympathy and indignation. To tell the truth, I never myself realized the enormity of the outrages which I had taken so considerable a part in revealing until I heard them described by the eloquent young orator who knew nothing at all about them.

The conduct of a speaker is often the subject of ingenious comment and conjecture. I once overheard two of my auditors discussing the question of my religious belief. "He is a Methodist," said one. "No, he's a Quaker," answered the other. "I tell you he's a Methodist," insisted the first. "Did n't you see the way he walked around?"

The similes and metaphors of the spellbinder who relies upon extemporaneous inspiration are often inappropriate and sometimes sadly mixed. A Hoosier orator, in delineating the noble character of General Hancock, announced that "his honor was as stainless as the sword that hung by

his side at the battle of Gettysburg!" I was speaking once with a gentleman of broad culture and national reputation, who, in describing the energy put into a Presidential campaign, said that it was "vast enough to stop and dam Niagara till that great cataract should become a windmill made of paper!" This declaration was made with such impressive solemnity that no one in the audience perceived any exaggeration or lack of propriety in it, and yet upon reflection the transmutation of forces involved in making a paper windmill out of Niagara by public speeches is something which transcends not merely a scientific but even a poetic imagination. My friend was talking from a platform raised sixteen or eighteen feet above the ground, which may account for the loftiness of the conception.

Many speakers talk over the heads of their auditors. Their long words and complex sentences fail to reach the men who hear them. Even physical altitude sometimes has a disastrous effect. I once went out with a companion to a country town. He spoke from the porch of a grocery store at some little elevation from the street.

The audience was inattentive and restless. I determined to get nearer to them, so I got down into the street and harangued them with much better success. A few days afterwards we had a meeting in a church. I spoke from the pulpit and found very poor listeners. My companion profited by the lesson of the preceding night and walked up and down the aisle. He made a great hit of it.

Much depends upon the acoustic properties of the hall. In some places, like the Chicago Auditorium, a speaker can be heard in every part of the building with scarcely any labor; in other places, sometimes even in small rooms, a great deal of unnecessary energy has to be wasted in the mere effort to be intelligible. Out-of-door meetings are usually the worst of all. As a rule, a speaker can do better work in a hall which will hold a thousand persons than he can in talking to five thousand in the open air. The confusion in out-of-door meetings is very distracting.

I was much surprised, during the last Presidential campaign, at the excellence of the music at some of the meetings, particularly from the local bands. I think it

would astonish our friends from the East, who are prone to believe that the Mississippi valley is quite devoid of all appreciation of true art, to hear the music of some of these country bands. The difficulty with them is that they seem to believe (judging from the length of their performances in the hall, as well as from the concerts they give just outside the door while the spellbinder is vainly endeavoring to make himself heard inside) that *they* are the principal attraction, a thing which may be true, but which we spellbinders resent, believing that we ought ourselves to be the main feature of a political meeting.

But a band is only one of the distractions against which we have to contend. A drum corps is even a more formidable competitor, while railway whistles, toot horns, cannon, and indiscriminate yells for different candidates form a far less agreeable diversion. To speak against such opposition requires nerve, composure, and lung power, if not ability.

It seems to be a well-accepted axiom that noise is the most important part of a campaign; not only more vital than argument, but more convincing even than uniforms,

illumination, or fireworks. Witness the exhortation of a disgusted committeeman to a silent torch-bearer—"Yell! or drop yer torch!"

Sometimes noise is all that is really expected even from a speaker. When I helped Governor H—— open the campaign down at Mt. Vernon the chairman said to me: "Lord, *they* don't want no argyment! Just whoop her up!"

The campaign speaker never knows what is in store for him. He may arrive at the station and find a brass band, a procession with a Goddess of Liberty on a "float," and a carriage draped with American flags and ornamented with pictures of the candidates, or he may be obliged to walk through the streets alone and have some trouble in hunting up the committeeman. He may find that his fame has preceded him, or he may discover from the spelling on the posters that the local managers do not know his name.

Perhaps the worst example of indifference on record was that related by General M——, a distinguished old campaigner of my own State. When he came to the station at the place where he was to speak,

he said that at first he could not even find the town. It was growing dark; there was nothing in sight and no lights were visible. At last he followed a fellow-passenger along a footpath across a wide common, and finally came upon some houses. It was just the hour of the meeting, so he had to go without his supper. He found the hall by following a few straggling villagers who climbed an outside stairway to a room above a store. Nobody was in charge of the gathering, but after inquiry he learned that a person of his name was expected to address the meeting, so he introduced himself and made his speech.

The spellbinder must not be too particular about his accommodations. He must go to the hotel where the committee sends him, for if a Republican speaker betakes himself to the Democratic tavern or a Democratic orator becomes a guest at the Republican inn, the party may long be rent by grievous local dissensions. Often the spellbinder who can neither see things nor smell things is the happiest. I was awakened one morning on my last campaigning tour by the strident voices of two females in an adjoining room. There had been a protest

of some kind from one of them, to which the other screamed the crushing rejoinder, "Well, if the floor 's too dirty for ye to dress on, can't you git up on a cheer?" The conversation was justified by the surroundings.

At many places the campaigner may get into trouble if he does not understand the local arrangements. Several years ago I was campaigning with Colonel X—— in Orange County, a rough, hilly neighborhood, in which at that time there were no railroads. We were to speak in the court-house at Paoli, the county-seat. There was a clean little country tavern in the town. You entered a wide hall, at the end of which there was a small wash-room with a wooden sink and a tin basin, and just above was a cask with a spigot, which presumably held the water for washing. The colonel was always particular about his personal appearance. He had in former years held a position of some importance in the foreign service of the Government, and as he was the older man I always yielded him precedence, a courtesy which he seemed to appreciate. So his turn at that wash-basin came first. He

took off his coat with considerable deliberation, rolled up his shirt sleeves, turned on the spigot, and filled the basin, but no sooner did I hear the swish of the liquid on his face and hands than he leaped back, stamped furiously upon the floor, and swore as I never heard man swear before. "What is the matter?" I asked. "Oh, damn it! It's coal oil!" was the despairing answer. I maintained a respectful distance from the colonel during the next few days.

The spellbinder sees more "local color" in his peregrinations than any other kind of traveller. He must shake hands with everybody, and generally he is introduced to a crank or to some Greenbacker or "universal peace man" with belligerent tendencies, or more commonly some uncompromising Prohibitionist, with whom he is expected to "square things" in behalf of the party, and the arguing that goes on in the midst of a knot of bystanders would furnish entertainment to Bedlam.

The spellbinder has to concede a great deal to local prejudices. I once drove to a village in the northern part of my own county, and just before I reached it I was

met by the local manager. "Good God! you're not going to drive into Smalltown with your own carriage and coachman?" I had no denial to interpose, for the evidence against me was at hand. So I feebly asked: "Why not?" He answered: "Why, you could n't undo the damage in ten speeches! Hitch the horses here in the woods, and if your driver wants to go to the meeting let him come in from the other side of the town!" All which was done in concession to local sensibilities.

There is a great deal of wear and tear in a campaign. You are often up all night; you talk till your clothes are wringing wet, and then drive a dozen miles across the country. You have to put up with all sorts of fare; you run the risk of malaria. There are some who break down under the strain and have to cancel their engagements. And yet, except for our throats, I believe the majority of us come out of a campaign in better condition than we enter it, especially if we have no personal care or anxiety concerning the canvass. Really there are few better kinds of exercise than public speaking. It

expands the lungs, develops the muscles of the arms and legs, and keeps the brain active at the same time. What other kind of athletics can furnish all these desiderata? If you can preserve your good-nature, keep your appetite, and make up in the morning the sleep you lose at night, there is no reason why a campaign should not make you stronger and healthier than ever.

The spellbinder (especially if his services are gratuitous) will be received in the committee rooms of his party with exuberant hospitality, testified to by a slap on the back, and an invitation to 'make himself perfectly at home, as much as in his own house.' There are perhaps a score of people in two or three small rooms, containing only half a dozen chairs, and everybody hard at work, so the invitation, although cordial, does not always assure the spellbinder of comfortable accommodation. But the chairman of the speakers' bureau will tell him of the wonderful effect produced at the meeting at Jonesboro by his eloquent words. He will assure him that since he is one of the most distinguished orators in the nation, the party must have his services for

the entire campaign. When he has succumbed to these blandishments and feels that, like Gil Blas, he is the eighth wonder of the world, he is sent to Pinhook, a place which he can find neither in the Postal nor the Railway Guide, to talk to a score of farmers who never heard of him until they were informed by the same party manager that he is one of the greatest statesmen and most magnificent orators in the country. Titles are added to his name which he never possessed before. I have been announced as Colonel, Judge, Member of Congress, Member of the Paris Peace Commission, of the Venezuela Commission, etc., until these titles, by reason of long usage, now repose gracefully upon my brow. Perhaps the most remarkable claim to public consideration was that which I found awaiting me when I arrived at an Illinois town and saw myself advertised, in large posters, as a statistician of national reputation, and the people were urged to "Turn Out and Hear the Great Statistician!" Statistics give me the nightmare, and I should have thought that this would have been enough to keep everybody from going to the hall. But after supper a large band

came up to the door of the hotel and I was invited to follow it. There were perhaps forty persons in the band, and the procession behind it seemed rather small for such a cortège, since it consisted of only three persons, the Eminent Statistician in the middle, flanked by the county committeeman on one side and the district committeeman on the other. In solemn state we marched around the public square and entered the hall, which I was surprised to find comfortably filled. The people of that town evidently had no horror of statistics.

Still more surprising, however, was the attitude of the inhabitants of a prosperous manufacturing town in the State of Maine. At this place I spoke with a United States Senator, and was astonished to notice the intense interest which the audience gave to the figures by means of which he deduced the national and local prosperity resulting from the tariff. There was a convincing power in his 567,698,475 dollars and 69 cents, particularly in the cents, which no other form of argument or rhetoric could apparently have supplied. I followed the Senator with some remarks upon other subjects which I thought ought to be interesting,

but I observed that my hearers became restless and some of them left the hall. Seeing how well the Senator had done with his statistics, I tried a few figures myself, and was surprised to notice that so long as they held out the patience of my audience held out too, but that when my figures failed the endurance of my audience gave way, so that I had to bring my speech to a hasty conclusion. Should this eagerness for statistics become general, a friend of mine suggests that actuaries and bookkeepers may soon furnish the most valuable aid to our speaking campaign and that the statistical spellbinder will finally supersede the Demostheneses and Ciceros of the past and the present.

A new convert is very valuable as a campaign speaker, but the excellence of his argument is quite a secondary matter when compared with his value for exhibition purposes as a recruit. He is especially in demand if it can be said of him that his father, his brother, or, better still, every member of his family belongs and has for generations belonged to the opposite party, as showing through what tremendous obstacles of blood and environment he has

worked his way up from darkness into light. I have sometimes been surprised to find myself advertised as one who had thus forsaken the pathway of error, the attraction on this account being perhaps even greater than the putative judgeship, senatorship, or colonelcy with which my name was also connected.

In one district I visited, the managers had secured a gem of peculiar lustre, a young fellow whose father was then engaged in campaigning for the other side, and who was sent to follow his progenitor around the State and answer him at the same places a night or two afterwards, telling to enthusiastic audiences how the old man had beguiled him four years ago, but could never do it again.

The blandishments offered by the political manager to the spellbinder must not be too severely censured, for the poor committeeman is between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand are the many spellbinders, each insisting upon the best appointments in the country—men to whom the Chicago Auditorium and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York seem the fittest places for the display of their capa-

bilities; and on the other hand there is an infinite number of local communities, each demanding the best speaker that the country affords. Every village wants to hear Roosevelt, Bryan, Cockran, or Depew. What then is left for the poor manager to do except to exalt Smith or Jones to a national rank, to proclaim that he is something "equally as good" as Beveridge or Dolliver or Hill, and on the other hand to exalt each cross-roads neighborhood to a place of vital importance in the campaign, almost as essential to party success as Chicago and New York, and to promise a vast audience from the surrounding country? Of course there is disappointment on both sides. The spellbinder foams at the mouth when he realizes that the man who flattered him is a deceiver, while the people at the cross-roads denounce the central committee for sending them a gas-bag in place of an orator. But what else can they do? The most thankless place in a campaign is a place on the executive committee, especially at the head of the speakers' bureau.

We spellbinders are by nature a conceited tribe, and sometimes in our inter-

course with each other many of us realize that celebrated definition of a bore—"A man who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself." I have found many spellbinders of this kind. They relate their forensic triumphs in terms that defy all competition. Some of them are even mathematical in describing their powers of persuasion. Who, for instance, could hope to excel the magnetic power of the orator who exultantly announced in the rooms of the National Committee that at Brownstown he had had "eleven applauses and three 'go ons'"?

Conscious as he always is of his own excellence, the spellbinder is sure to meet many trials and disappointments. Perhaps his meeting has not been properly announced, and he finds only a few straggling guests to partake of his teeming banquet of eloquence. That is hard enough, but even worse is it when there is a large gathering and another man speaks first at great length, leaving him nothing but the remnants both of the time and the audience. How tedious and dull was the speech of that first fellow, who thus deprives an unconscious multitude of something more

valuable and attractive! Perhaps the hardest trial to the spellbinder is to find, after he has been sent to a large city in which he supposes he is to be the central and sole attraction, that he is only one of a cargo of eloquence shipped at the same time to the same place for the same purpose.

But, in spite of these drawbacks, I think most of us still consider campaigning good fun, and however welcome the home circle and a little rest after a month or two spent upon a stumping tour, I am sure that nearly all of us will be ready to try it again after four years.

The concluding page of the spellbinder's duty remains to be written. After the campaign is over and the votes are cast, he still must "ratify." If he is at headquarters when the news of victory comes, this is a simple matter — one more speech with louder interruptions and greater enthusiasm than ever, and his work is over. If he belongs to the defeated party, the thing is still simpler. He has only to crawl into his hole. But quite different is it with the spellbinder on the victorious side, if his confidence has been so great as to stifle his curiosity and he has presumed to go

to bed before ascertaining the result. A distant but constantly increasing noise of horns and drums and cheers breaks in upon his slumbers; next, word is brought that a crowd is seen coming up the drive. With shrieks and yells under his window they demand a speech. Then he goes forth upon the balcony, clad perchance in a huge overcoat, which supplies the lack of more appropriate apparel, and there, still half asleep, he talks incoherently and waves his hands. But whatever he says, it is enough. The pounding on the tin pans, the hurrahs, the waving of the dead rooster from the pole, fill every hiatus, until the crowd departs and he tumbles into bed again, where "The Fairies' Midwife" touches his silver tongue and he dreams of postmasterships, collectorships, and other fair forms of continuing and increasing prosperity such as are wont to follow the footsteps of successful eloquence.

And before any grim awakening shall mar his visions, here let us leave him.

ON THE ECONOMICAL ACQUISITION OF ROYAL ANCESTRY

UP to within a recent period a royal, or even a noble, ancestry in this country has, in general, been the exclusive possession of the families that have been best able to pay for it. For some inscrutable reason, a coat-of-arms and a large and recently acquired fortune have frequently gone together.

It has always seemed to me that there was an essential injustice in this partiality of genealogy to wealth, and that the harmless delight of contemplating a magnificent ancestry ought to be, like other gifts of Nature, free to all, or at least accessible to those of modest purses. It is therefore a source of pride that I am an humble member of a family through whom this reform has actually been inaugurated.

The Foulke family, composed of the

descendants of Edward Foulke, an early settler of Gwynedd, Montgomery County, Pa., held a reunion a few years since, at which about six hundred members, in good health and condition, met to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the immigration of their common ancestor.

The traditions of the family, as well as certain parish records and monumental inscriptions, trace its origin to one Rhirid Flaidd, a Welsh chieftain of the time of Henry II., and we Foulkes regarded with quite sufficient complacency a line of ancestors who, if not very eminent, were numerous, some of them quite ancient, and most of them entirely respectable.

Philadelphia is the natural home of genealogy. To a Philadelphian an ample pedigree is better than great riches. Pennsylvania has a Genealogical Society whose members exhibit unwearied diligence in the study of heraldic literature. A family history like that of the Foulkes, when it reaches the ken of the Pennsylvania genealogist, falls upon rich ground; upon soil as fertile for the reproduction and multiplication of illustrious pedigrees as is the red clay of Cuba for the cultivation of the sugar-cane. The result

of the reunion of the Foulke family was the preparation and exhibition of eight genealogical tables showing the descent of Edward and Eleanor Foulke, compiled by one of the members of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania. These have now been reproduced in book form and purchased by various members of the family, to whose astonished eyes they reveal a luxuriant prodigality of noble and royal ancestry which, it is safe to say, can rarely be matched in history.

Table I. shows the descent from ancient British kings, beginning with Glouyw Glwad Lydan, King and founder of the city of Caer Louyw or Gloucester, thence through the great Vortigern elected King of Britain A.D. 425, who espoused Severa, daughter of Maximus Magnus, Roman Emperor, beheaded A.D. 388; to Brochwel Ysgythrog, King of Powys (where under the sun is the kingdom of Powys?) and Prince of Chester, slain in battle against the Saxons on the banks of the Dee, A.D. 612; and to his descendant, Sir Griffith Vaughan, created Knight Benneret at the battle of Agincourt, whose daughter Anne married Ieven Vychan, of Llanuwchllyn,

from whom Edward Foulke was eighth in descent, as shown in Table V.

What heart is there that will not swell with pride when it learns for the first time that the blood of the Emperor Maximus Magnus flows through its ventricles? What soul so dead that it will not stir with wrath on reading in the Epistle of Gildas, an early Anglo-Saxon chronicler, certain unjust aspersions upon the character of this imperial ancestor?

Shade of the mighty though decapitated Maximus! Whether thy head hang upon some Elysian bough or float on Phlegethonian flames, let it console thee to know that we, thy remote posterity, the distant scions of the "Greatest Great," are ready to wage implacable vendetta against the Saxon churl who has defamed thee!

In these days when new societies are being organized every year to illustrate the greatness of the progenitors of those who compose them, it would seem fair that competition in ancestry should have the widest possible development. The "Daughters of the Revolution" must give way to the "Colonial Dames" that antedate them. The "Colonial Dames" must always take

a subordinate place by the side of the "American Queens," or "Order of the Crown," composed of the descendants of royal houses. Why should not these in turn yield the palm to an order, "Descendants of the Roman Emperors"? Such a fraternity ought no longer to delay its appearance.

Table II. of the Foulke genealogy "is devoted to the descent from Bleddyn ab Cynfyn to Gruffudd Vychan, Baron of Glyndffrdwy, whose wife was Eleanor, daughter of Thomas ab Llewellyn, a lineal descendant of Edward I., King of England, as shown in Table VII."

The genealogist evidently does not intend to let King Edward get away from the family, and an additional safety attachment is provided in Tables III. and IV., which "trace the descent from Roderick the Great (Roderig Mawr), King of all Wales in 843, to Llewellyn ab Owain, who married Eleanor de Barr, granddaughter of Edward I."

But the gem of the collection is Table VII., which "shows the descent of Edward Foulke from the Saxon, Norman, German, Castilian, and Scottish royal houses

of the eleventh century, through the marriage of Eleanor, daughter of Thomas ab Llewellyn, to Gruffydd Vychan, Baron of Glyndffrdwy."

It will be seen from this that very little of the royalty of Europe has managed to escape from the ancestry of the family. It is to be regretted that the Grand Princes of Moscow, the Shahs of Persia, and the Emperors of China cannot as yet be clearly identified, but it is to be hoped that time and a still more exhaustive research by the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania will at last supply the broken links which connect us with these dynasties.

Even the best antiquarians, however, are sure to encounter unreasonable criticism. A friend writes me that a Pennsylvania genealogist has small cause to plume himself on the results of his work if, having once reached a royal family, he can go no farther back than a Roman Emperor of the fourth century, since it is well known that the heralds who investigated the pedigrees of those royal families traced them without interruption to the Kings of Israel, to the patriarchs, to our good father Noah, and finally to our common parents in the Gar-

den of Eden. He further tells me that these heralds described minutely the coats-of-arms of all these ancient worthies, though there is still doubt as to which of the devices attributed to Noah was the true one. Was it a dove volant, or a whole menagerie passant? My friend inclines to the latter opinion, and gives as his reason that many of the descendants of Noah having adopted various selections from this menagerie, there is no other evidence of their right to do this except the fact that *all* the animals in question were properly blazoned on the shield of their common ancestor at the time when they passed into the ark, and my friend rejects as totally inadmissible the suggestion made by some that Noah's device represented Mount Ararat rampant, surmounted by an ark couchant, and encircled by a grapevine; for, as he justly observes, although such a device might be valuable historically, *in perpetuam rei memoriam,* it is neither heroic nor heraldic.

I was at first inclined to agree with my friend, that our Pennsylvania genealogist was remiss in failing to graft the Foulke pedigree upon that of the royal families in question, thus connecting us at once with

the ultimate source and root of all genealogy; and I felt this the more deeply when I compared the imperfect traditions of my own family with that of a Philadelphia lady whom I met at a summer watering-place, and who, speaking of her ancestors, said, with that quiet gravity which was the best guaranty of her good faith as well as her good breeding, "We can trace every link in our chain of descent from Adam the son of God." But then came the thought that after this supreme goal of genealogical art had once been reached, and it was proved beyond doubt that we were descended from Adam and his rib, in what would this give us any claim to superiority over the rest of mankind? It is perhaps better that our family genealogist stopped at one of the intermediate stages.

The Foulke pedigree has been subject to other irreverent observations by the uninformed, and in regard to the twenty-six coats-of-arms which "with their heraldic descriptions are distributed through the tables, all based upon authority," one skeptic thinks it extraordinary that the Welsh tribesmen who had no coats to their backs should gleam forth in history as possessors

of brilliant coats-of-arms. Such criticism is doubtless due to the critic's still more scanty knowledge of their actual apparel.

One member of the family, using the answer of Artemus Ward to the matrimonial proposals of the Mormon widows, said that it was "the muchness" of these ancestors that he objected to; that he did not mind a duke or two, or even a king, but he did not want so many of them. Such moderation is manifestly impossible when intermarriages between royal families are considered. If you are willing to take one king for a progenitor you may have to take a hundred. In the matter of royal ancestors, as well as of intoxicants, there is no perfect safety except in total abstinence.

But the marvel, as well as the chief advantage, of these tables is that they are offered at the low price of three dollars per copy. The man who will not give that trifling sum for such splendid progenitors must be insensible to the calls of fame and to all noble aspirations.

It is to be hoped that the step thus taken toward the democratization of royal and noble blood will be generally followed, and, although few families can hope to vie in

ancestry with the variegated luxuriance of that of the family of Foulke, that all may in time find some sort of nobility, and even royalty, within easy reach, thanks to the diligence of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania.

MY DOG

I ALWAYS had bad luck with dogs. I bought a black and tan, he ran away; a Scotch terrier, he was stolen; a spotted coach dog, and I don't know what became of him. I have one now that I got when he was a puppy in order that the children might "train him." They did so, and this dog is in great peril of assassination.

The only dog I had who was "ever faithful" was Prince. Prince was not exactly my dog — that is, he was never formally transferred to me by any one,— but we went to Long Branch every summer, and a few days after our arrival Prince would come to visit us, and he always prolonged his visit until we left in the fall. I can not say exactly what kind of a dog Prince was; in fact, I do not recollect ever having seen any of the breed elsewhere,

which leads me to think it must be rare. I will describe him, and those better informed can draw their conclusions. He was about two feet and a half long, with a big round body set about three inches above the ground upon four little fat legs. These legs had remarkable sinuosities which are hard to describe, but whether they were the result of a peculiarity in the stock, or of early misfortune in this particular dog, I am not able to say. He had large flat feet, almost as big as the rest of his legs, and the toes of the front feet turned out so decidedly that the footprints would indicate the dog was going in two opposite directions at the same time. His prevailing color was yellow, interspersed with spots of brownish clay color and dirty white. He was further often adorned with splashes of mud. His hair was thick and shaggy, and hung over his eyes. If you stroked him (which you did not often do), you could feel the burrs under his long, coarse hair, and quantities of small shot beneath his skin — deposited there by the neighbors in vain efforts to shorten his existence. If any one should recognize the breed from this description, he will proba-

bly know that there are two qualities for which dogs of this kind can be recommended. The first is their indestructibility, and the second, their adhesiveness to any one who will give them something to eat. Three several times was that dog thrown into a cistern, and three several times did Providence interpose by a miracle to save his life. Nothing short of supernatural assistance could account for his invulnerability to stones, bricks, tin pans, and every other conceivable missile hurled at him by an outraged public.

Prince had a discriminating mind; he always knew just whom to bite. A party of young rascals could steal into our melon patch at night and empty it without the slightest risk, but a friend who came to visit us was always in danger, and did not often escape without damage to his raiment and his skin. Prince was the best known dog in the neighborhood; I think our family was chiefly distinguished in the place because we belonged to that dog. For some reason we were not popular, our characters being judged by the company we kept.

Prince was old when he first came to us,

but he lived with us for ten summers and never seemed to grow any older. His best trait was his affection for "Auntie," the one human being on earth who could tolerate him. Indeed, much of her time was passed in fruitless efforts to screen his character from the calumnies of an unjust world. Prince followed her everywhere, snapping at every one that passed, as the suspected enemy of his mistress; and she declared that he was at heart really one of the best dogs in the world, but much misunderstood. And when he kept us awake at night howling hyena-like in the front yard, she would patiently listen to the noise for hours, regarding it as only another evidence of his wonderful faithfulness.

At last, however, even Prince went the way of all the earth. One summer we returned and he was no longer there to meet us.

But *my* dog *par excellence* was Drapeau. There was no difficulty in telling what kind of a dog *he* was. He was a St. Bernard, bought from the monks at the Hospice.

It was in the summer of 1872. I had been climbing, with a companion and a guide, across glaciers, around the Matter-

horn, over the St. Theodule Pass, down to Breuil and Val Tournanche, in Italy. Thence we proceeded to Aosta, and back again to Switzerland by way of the St. Bernard. We had left the little village of St. Remy, on the Italian side, and night overtook us while we were in the midst of the clouds. We could not see an arm's length before us; we could only tell we were upon the path because it felt differently under our feet from the sharper rocks on either side. We could hear the roaring of water far down upon the left, and felt that we must be close to the brink of the precipice, with high cliffs on the other side. Our alpenstocks alone preserved us from the danger of pitching headlong into space. We groped on in the darkness for a long while, making very little headway. Our guide was a cheerful individual, who amused us with stories of travellers that had been waylaid and killed in the neighborhood a short time previous. In an hour or two we came to a little *cantine,* where we found some drunken Italians, and from them we borrowed a lantern, by which we could see the path perhaps two or three feet ahead. It was nearly midnight when we

reached the Hospice. The first sign that we were near it was the barking of the great dogs, and never was sound more grateful to the ear. One of the brothers gave us a good supper, and assigned us clean, comfortable beds. I had long wanted a St. Bernard dog, a real one from the Hospice, one of the life-savers, whose pictures I had seen in childhood, licking the faces of travellers that had fallen unconscious in the snow. Next morning we rose early to start for Martigny, and the monk who had entertained us had the dogs brought out from their kennels that I might take my choice. They bounded about, eight big burly fellows, barking and capering like mad. I selected Drapeau, one of the largest. The monk gave me his history, telling me that the dog had taken part in saving several lives, and was regarded as a very valuable animal. The keeper of the dogs accompanied us to a *cantine,* three miles below, where we were to take a wagon. Drapeau followed us on the way down; he was an immense, tan-colored, short-haired animal, much like a lioness in appearance, capering about with all the delight of life and liberty in the cool

morning air. His ankles were as thick as my two fists, and his neck and shoulders were enormous.

Leaving the *cantine,* we lifted him into a wagon and I held on to his large leather collar to prevent him from getting away, but the moment we started and he saw that his master was not there, he leaped out and hung by the collar, struggling fiercely. It was easy to see that we could not carry him down in that fashion, so we hired his keeper to ride with us to Martigny. It would take the man two days to go and return, but there was no other way to transport the dog.

When Drapeau saw his master in the wagon he became quiet. But as soon as we reached the valley the poor animal began to suffer greatly. He was used to the cold mountain air, and the hot noonday sun in the lower altitude was too much for him. The motion of the wagon, too, made him horribly seasick, and we feared that we never should get him to Martigny alive. When we reached the inn the dog was so weak he could hardly drag one foot after another. He would neither eat nor drink, and he looked forlorn.

Early in the afternoon the train started for Geneva. On the Continent there is a special place in all the trains for dogs, a small compartment in the luggage van, with a window at each side, and special "dog-tickets" have to be purchased. We crowded Drapeau into one of these compartments, fastened him in securely, and the train started. Near the head of Lake Geneva you change cars. Of course I thought the dog would be transferred by the porters, and I seated myself comfortably in the other train. Soon it started, and what was my surprise to see Drapeau looking sadly out from his little window in the train we had just left. Luckily, our train switched back to the station. Here I bustled about among the guards and porters, ordering them to transfer my dog, but they shrugged their shoulders exasperatingly as they answered, "*C'est à vous, monsieur.*"

It was not easy to move that leviathan, but finally, with the assistance of my companion and two liberally bribed attendants, we dragged him out, each holding a leg, and forcibly projected him into the dog-quarters of the new train. Drapeau was

too badly used up to resist. He could hardly breathe. But about six o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached Geneva, the air became fresher, and he plucked up courage. The next problem was to get him to the hotel. We dragged him from his compartment, and hauled him through the station to a cab. In the cab Drapeau's vigor seemed to be entirely restored, for it took the full strength of both of us to keep him from jumping out of the window, and a yelling crowd of small boys followed us through the streets. At the Hôtel de la Paix the guests were just walking in to dinner. All stopped to look, and found us amusing. We were a picturesque sight with our alpenstocks, our leggings and spiked shoes, our flannel shirts, and our begrimed and travel-worn appearance (the result of a week's tramp), hanging on for dear life to a big dog to prevent his getting away. The porter told us of a stable near by, where he thought they would keep the animal, and we had him conveyed thither. It turned out to be a poor place for him, and so, a few days later, I marched with him myself four miles along the dusty roads south of the lake, and left him in

charge of a farmer in the neighborhood who kept a "dog hotel" of the most approved variety. My banker was to pay him a franc a day until Drapeau left for Paris. Then I went to Italy. In Rome I received a letter from the farmer, telling me he was 'desolate to inform Monsieur that he could not longer keep Monsieur's dog for less than two francs a day.' "He kills my chickens, he fights with my other dogs, he leaps my fence, which you know is a high one, and three times I must walk to Geneva to restore him." I could make no other arrangement, so the two francs had to be paid.

When at last I reached Paris, I ordered Drapeau sent on to me. It was thirty-six hours from Geneva to Paris by the omnibus-train, and the dog had to be fed. So a sort of travelling apartment, a huge crate, was built for him, and plentifully supplied with straw. There was a trough for his food, and a large quantity of meat was provided. At Paris the hotel porter went with me to the station for the dog. We had to break up the crate with an axe before we could get him out. Then there was a scene quite like the one at Geneva,

the dog being thrust into a cab that would hardly hold both him and the very unhappy man who clung desperately to his collar, seeking to repress his frantic efforts at leaping out of the window. In this manner we were driven through the streets of Paris, attended by a horde of uproarious *gamins* who ran along the side of the cab, delighted at the unaccustomed spectacle. At length we stopped at the door of a dog fancier's, and when Drapeau entered he was saluted by a vigorous barking from perhaps a score of different kinds of dogs that were chained against the wall. A deep low growl was his answer, and it was followed by instant silence among his awe-stricken auditors. But it was soon clear that he could not stay long amid such surroundings. His presence ruined the happiness and threatened the lives of the other dogs in the establishment. So I rented a vacant lot surrounded by a high fence, and in it a suitable dog-house was constructed. The keeper I had engaged agreed to take Drapeau each day for a walk on the boulevard, while I was to be absent for a month in Spain.

When I returned to Paris, the *portier* at the hotel came to me with a sad face and said:

"Ah, Monsieur, I must tell you of a great calamity. Monsieur's dog was walking on the Boulevard one day with his keeper, and he saw the dog of a certain Major Duval. The Major slipped and fell, and his dog started to run, when Monsieur's dog, no doubt attributing some fault to the dog of the Major, broke away from his chain and instantly destroyed the dog of the Major, and Monsieur has been condemned in the court to pay a fine of four hundred francs for the destruction of this dog, and Monsieur's dog has been arrested as security for that sum."

Investigating the matter, I found this was only too true. I sought Major Duval, in the hope of making some reasonable composition, but he grew so fervid in his praises of the wonderful qualities of the dog Drapeau had killed that I was grateful the judgment against me was no heavier, and I paid it.

I could not bring Drapeau to America on the steamer on which I had taken passage, since that particular line "would not take dogs," so I sent him by a French line, in care of the butcher. I met the vessel on its arrival, and found Drapeau chained to one of the bulwarks, with bloodshot eyes, looking misanthropic. Two or three sailors as they passed exclaimed, *"Qu'il est mechant!"* So this beneficent creature of the Hospice had been trans-

formed into a wild beast by his sad experiences with the world. I brought him to my house with some difficulty. The animal had by this time cost me, including damages, board bills, gratuities, transportation, and minor items, some five hundred dollars, and now the question came up what to do with him. We kept him for a while in our back yard, but the small square grass plot behind the city house did not afford scope for his activities. He became friendly with Rosa, the cook, and very playful with her. He would put his paws against her shoulders while she was hanging out the clothes, and roll her over, until she threatened to leave. Moreover, it was not safe for any visitor to put his head out of the back door. Drapeau was always alert. Somehow the dog was not "in harmony with his environment," and after a few months I earnestly wanted to sell him. I advertised, "A Genuine St. Bernard Dog, Bought at the Hospice," saying all the sweet things about him that I could, but no answers came to my advertisements.

Finally, on Broadway, I saw at the side of a stairway leading down to a basement

a stuffed black-and-tan terrier, with one eye out. This indicated, as I thought, a dealer in dogs; so I went down and interviewed him. Terms were agreed upon; he would keep the dog until sold, and would sell him on commission. Drapeau remained a week or two there without result, until the dealer said we would have to take fifty dollars for him. Meantime I heard of a gentleman who offered seventy-five. I went down to get my dog, offering the dealer his commission, but the man refused to let him go, declaring the dog should not be removed from the shop until I had paid twenty-five dollars. I expostulated in vain. Finally I offered a compromise, but the man was inflexible. He was in possession and was master of the situation. I did not mean to be swindled in so shameless a fashion, so I went to the Marine Court and sued out a writ of replevin. It was placed in the hands of marshal Murphy, a mild little man, to be served. We went up to the dealer's, the marshal showed the paper, and demanded the dog.

"All right," said the dealer, "there he is—take him!"

Drapeau stood tied to a large crate at one

side of the basement, while a variety of smaller dogs game-cocks, and other animals were in coops and cages around the room, or tied to the wall. The officer approached Drapeau. "Here, doggy, doggy," said he, in his gentlest and most persuasive manner. Drapeau gave a deep growl and the officer stopped.

"Will he bite?" asked the marshal.

"You ought to have seen him drag that crate after him trying to get at a man yesterday," remarked the dealer.

The marshal stood aghast — the arm of the law was powerless! I was sitting on a chest in the middle of the room, watching the performance, when the dealer quietly said to me:

"Mebbe you 'd like to see what you are settin' on?"

I made no objection, and he lifted the lid of the chest and out from a bed of cotton at the bottom of it came the heads of two great anacondas! It seemed to be a supply store for menageries and circuses. I sought the other side of the room. In the meantime Murphy had disappeared. By the the time I had followed him into the street to recall him, he was wholly

invisible — I do not know how many squares away.

I went back to the basement, and then and there the dealer and I made a bargain, with the anacondas between us — he was trying to stuff them back into the chest. He agreed to send Drapeau to the new owner for the sum of fifteen dollars, to be then and there paid. The cash was counted out and the dog sent, from which moment he disappears from history.

ON MEXICAN MOUNTAINS

ALTHOUGH Popocatapetl and Orizaba are higher than Mont Blanc, the Cordilleras of Mexico, as a whole, are by no means so picturesque as the Alps. The mountains are not so steep, and they rise with more regularity. A great elevation is attained only by a few isolated peaks. The ranges are not more than ten or twelve thousand feet high. In this tropical climate there is little snow. There are practically no glaciers. Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatapetl do not look so high as the Weisshorn or the Jungfrau, because the starting-point, the plateau from which they rise, is itself eight thousand feet above the sea. Even Orizaba, which, on its eastern slope, descends to the Tierra Caliente, is by no means so impressive as many of the Alps, for the rise is so gradual, the summit is so distant from the lowland,

and the cap of snow at the top is so small that its great height can not be appreciated from any single point.

The climb up the cone of a volcano is by no means so difficult as the scramble among the tumbled masses of the Alps. The rope and ladder are unnecessary. There are no crevasses. Gorges and precipices are rare, and it is seldom that even an ice-axe is required. On the other hand, there is need for much endurance. Good lungs and a sound heart are necessary, for it is not an easy thing to toil up a steep incline of lava dust at a great elevation. The "mountain sickness," with its nausea, headache, dizziness, and lethargy, is very common. One of my companions instantly dropped asleep when he reached the ridge of the crater of Popocatapetl.

Before climbing any of the great volcanoes, it seemed wise to have a little preliminary practice among the lesser peaks, and Ajusco, the highest of the summits in the great mountain wall on the west of the valley of Mexico, was selected for the first attempt. It is nearly fourteen thousand feet high. The way is by rail up to the station of Ajusco, thence on horseback

to a point perhaps two thousand feet below the summit, then on foot to the top. The superintendent of the Cuernavaca Railroad kindly made arrangements for our expedition. We left Mexico early in the morning, arriving at Ajusco station about ten o'clock. There was no train back in the afternoon, but a "push car" was provided for us, and on this the roadmaster would take us down to the valley after we had made the ascent. There was no lodging place at Ajusco, but a box car had been placed upon the siding in which we could swing our hammocks, should we be belated and compelled to remain at the station all night. Horses were in readiness for the ascent, as well as a *mozo,* or Indian boy, to show us the way up.

Fried eggs and beef, and black beans and coffee were served in the agent's tent before our start. The *mozo* bought sardines and bread for the journey at an Indian village near-by, and we began the ascent. The mountain looked hardly a rifle-shot from the station, yet it was a good four hours' climb, first up a gentle slope for several miles to the foot of the peak, then by steep zig-zags through the

forest. It was about 12:30 when the boy told us, just at the edge of the timber line, that "this is as far as the horses can go," and, indeed, we thought it was quite as far as they ought to go; but he added, very unexpectedly, that he would stay with the animals to take care of them, and he pointed out to us the direction to the top, which he said was not quite two hours away, but which was wholly invisible. We suggested that he go with us, but he answered, "Somebody may come and take the horses." He was immovable, so we set out alone. There was no path. At first the way was very steep, over volcanic rocks, partly bare and partly patched with grass, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees; but there was good foothold everywhere. At last we could see the cairn and cross that mark the summit. The weather had been warm, so there was no snow, though two days later the mountain was clad in white halfway down. In point of fact, it did not take us an hour to reach the top from the place where the climb began. The view from the summit is very fine. On one side is the valley of Mexico, with its

two great volcanoes, Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl, standing at the entrance like two huge sentinels clad in white mantles of snow. On the other side many mountain ranges rise, one behind the other, toward the Pacific. There is much more verdure on the western side and the air is clearer, for over the great plateau there is a light brown haze, which comes, they say, from the dust of the valley, and rises so high that only the great snow peaks lift their heads above it. At several places there were slender, cloudy pillars of dust, raised by little whirlwinds moving slowly across the plain. Some of these were two or three thousand feet high. These cyclones are not dangerous, but it is most disagreeable to be caught in one of them. Elsewhere the dust cloud was thin enough and we could see long distances. At various points below us rose little ant hills (for so they seemed), small volcanic cones that besprinkle the valley, extinct now, but lively enough, no doubt, in times gone by.

We stayed perhaps half an hour at the summit of Ajusco. The wind was cold, but we had little difficulty in breathing.

We descended rapidly and reached the station at 5:30 in time to take the "push car." This was hauled upon the track; we took our places upon a comfortable spring seat in front and started down hill. The grade was two and a half feet to the hundred, the track was smooth and well ballasted, and we were soon going like the wind, skirting the east side of the western wall of the great plain of Mexico, with the big snow volcanoes, the lakes, the towns, the ant hills, all before us—a toboggan slide of thirty miles, and with no long walk up hill. Part of the way we went at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, around curves and down long inclines, and at seven o'clock our guide, the roadmaster, deposited us safely upon a tram-car bound for the City of Mexico.

Toluca was the next mountain to be ascended, but the trouble was that nobody knew anything about it. The guide-book said it was fifteen thousand feet high, and surely it must be somewhere near the city of the same name. I went to the American Consul-General, but could learn nothing. Finally, I found a man who said there was

a Baptist missionary in the city of Toluca who could tell us. So we took the train for that city. When we arrived there we found that Mr. Powell, the missionary to whom we had been directed, was absent in Mexico, and manifold were the accounts given by hotel keepers, cab drivers, and others, of the proper way to climb the mountain. Some said it would take two days, others said three, some said you could go on horseback, others that you must go on foot. None of them had ever tried it. And there was that great white beauty at their very doors, tempting them to come and stand upon its summit and see spread before them the glories of the earth! How men could spend their lives in the presence of such a mountain and not try to climb it is hard to understand.

Mr. Powell returned to Toluca in the evening and called upon us at our hotel. We had gone to bed, but asked him in and had a lively talk in the dark. He had been up the mountain several times. You could go to the crater on horseback through a gap at the side; after that it was a scramble to the summit. The first thing was to ride about fourteen miles across the valley

to the village of Calimaya, at the foot of the mountain. So, next day, we secured a vehicle with three mules and a horse, with an Indian boy to drive and another to go along and help yell and jump down every little while and lash the leaders into a fine gallop. The vehicle was a cross between a barouche and a buckboard, accommodating itself to the double requirements of great splendor and rough Mexican roads. We had been recommended by Mr. Powell to provide ourselves with plenty of arms and ammunition; so we bought another revolver, he loaned us his carbine, and we became a travelling arsenal. There had been rain the night before, with much snow on the volcano, and the clouds hung far down its sides. The air was cool and fresh, and the drive was exhilarating up the valley of Toluca, with ranges of mountains on each side, and the huge volcano slowly unwinding itself from its cloudy garments till it stood out white and clear before us. The boys in front kept up a continuous shouting, "Mulas! Caramba! Hi, hi!" and much besides that is untranslatable. We reached Calimaya just as twilight fell. It was a low-roofed village

built along a straight climbing street, with a big church and high-walled convent yard, and just opposite to these the "Palacio Municipal." The boys drove to a large stable, where they unhitched the mules, and then conducted us to a little *fonda,* or restaurant, on the opposite side of the street. The proprietor was very drunk and talked, in a thick voice, Spanish that I could not understand, but while supper was preparing he went out with us to hunt Pablo Mendoza, who was to be our guide. Pablo was doubtful. The snow had been heavy. We could never gain the summit. Perhaps we could reach the crater. We must have two *mozos* to help, and six mules for the party. We told him to go ahead. Our intoxicated host was to provide chickens, sausages, bread, and hard-boiled eggs. After supper in the dingy little *fonda,* we sought our night quarters. A room had been provided for us at the doctor's, opposite,—a room filled with surgical apparatus and medical library, but now two beds were introduced; one was made up on the floor, and for the other there was an iron bedstead. We retired early. A little after ten a voice was heard at a

small aperture in the shutters near my bed. It was the voice of Pablo Mendoza: "Pepé, Pepé, tell the Señores I shall not wake them at 3:30 in the morning, as I promised. It is useless. The snow is too deep. The mountain cannot be ascended." I arose and had a colloquy with Pablo through the small hole in the shutter. He refused to try it. There was nothing to do but acquiesce, so we turned back to our beds. But on Tuesday, said Pablo Mendoza, the snow would surely be melted. We would try again next Tuesday. So we rattled back to Toluca, the two boys yelling, and the men and women and donkeys that thronged the road with their picturesque costumes and burdens of food, and crockery, and hay, all scattered to right and left as they heard us. In the afternoon we returned to Mexico.

Mexicans have strange ways of doing business. I was to telegraph to Pablo Mendoza on Tuesday, before starting from the capital, and he was to answer whether the day was suitable for the climb. If so, we would leave on the two-o'clock train. I sent the message at eight o'clock in the morning, as soon as the telegraph office

opened. We waited six hours for an answer, but none came. Finally we started on the afternoon train from Mexico, taking our chances upon being able to make the ascent. A four-horse vehicle met us at the station at Toluca and drove us to Calimaya by moonlight. We reached the village about eight o'clock. We hunted up Pablo Mendoza and learned from him that he had received the telegram at 11:30 and that he answered it immediately, telling us not to come for three days yet, since the snow was still deep upon the mountain. We learned afterwards that this telegram had been delivered at our hotel in Mexico at five P.M. Such is the telegraphic service conducted by the Mexican Federal Government. But now that we were at Calimaya, we refused to "wait another day," as Pablo suggested, or to return, so he finally said, *vamos a ver* and that he would try to procure the horses, mules, and men. There were three of us. Three horses, three *mozos*, and six mules were secured, and Pablo was to waken us in the morning at half past three. We slept in two comfortable little rooms behind the *tienda* the principal village store at Calimaya. At a

quarter past four we awakened ourselves. We called up the boy at the *tienda* who let us out. All was silent in the streets of the village. We asked the boy to conduct us to Pablo Mendoza's house so that we might arouse our guide. He refused. If he left the *tienda* there would be no one to shut the door behind him. Then we went to the *fonda* where they had promised to have our chocolate and eggs ready, as well as a basket of provisions for the journey. All was silent. We thumped and yelled loudly enough to awaken the dead. Finally a young man who slept in the entrance room on the floor got up, roused the women, and then went to bed again. We entered and they made ready our chocolate. Again we asked to be conducted to the home of Pablo Mendoza, but there was no one to go with us. A small boy was there. Could he not go with us? "He was too little," said his mother. Then there was a girl, a few years older. Could she go? "She was afraid." Perhaps the young man in bed upon the floor would go. "No, he was asleep." Perhaps the good woman herself would go with us. "No, she must

prepare the breakfast." So we started out alone and shouted through the silent streets, "Pablo Mendoza! Pablo Mendoza!" but in vain. Finally we saw a man. We followed him. He got away. Then another, but he did not know where Pablo lived. Then, after an hour or so, we espied two others. Would they show us? Yes, if we gave them a *peseta*. Very well, we would give it. "But give it to us now." We did so, and just around the corner they brought us to Pablo, who had collected two horses and a man, the first installment of our convoy. We started from the village at six o'clock, just two hours late, two precious hours when the climb fills the whole day. We expostulated with Pablo, but he took it as a matter of course and merely said that we had started quite soon enough.

Our way wound, at first, up through fields of maguey and corn, past the small hamlet of Saragossa, then we entered a magnificent forest of tall pines quite clear of underbrush, with openings and fine views of the broad valley and distant mountains behind us, and before us the white-capped volcano. We stopped at the hut

of a *vaqueria*, or cow pasture, for fresh milk. Soon the snow began, far down in the forest, but it was not deep, nor did it become so till we emerged into the open land above. Then there were patches where horses and mules floundered, and we had to dismount and walk. Once a mule loaded with blankets, provisions, and "traps" fell, rolled over half a dozen times down the slope of the mountain, then rose and walked on as if nothing had happened. Thus we climbed the ridge that surrounds the crater and then, descending, we halted and took our lunch in the snow, by the side of a small lake within. The meal was a good one. The chickens had been brought in alive to the *fonda*, for our approval, the evening before. The sausage had plenty of garlic in it, but was not unpalatable to a properly disciplined stomach, and the coffee was strong, though cold. There was another larger lake within the crater, said to be nearly two miles in circumference. It was a little higher up, and my two companions started out to visit it and to climb a hill which rose in the midst of this great amphitheatre of crags. They were both faster walkers than I, and I de-

cided to climb slowly to the summit of what the guides said was the highest peak, and await their coming later in the afternoon. One of the guides went with me, and two others with my companions. I crossed a stretch of snow and then mounted one of the horses and was carried up steep slopes of lava dust and ashes till the poor animal gave out. Then another pull on foot over a snow slope, and, finally, a slow, careful climb over a ridge of rocks to the summit. It was a warm pull up the slope, but a cold wind met us at the top of the ridge, and an overcoat and a stiff pull at the bottle of *taquila* (the strongest Mexican fire-water) were both necessary.

The view from the summit was fine, but it was much softer in character than any from the high peaks of the Alps. The ridges of the Sierra Madre stretched out below us. The two great volcanoes, Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl, were visible in the dim distance, and it is said that on a very clear day you can see the two oceans from this place. Looking at the other peaks that immediately surrounded the crater of Toluca, I saw two which seemed to me to be a few hundred feet higher than that which I

had scaled. I spoke of this to the guide, who had assured me that the one I climbed was the highest of all. His only answer was, "Well, perhaps they may be." Such is the mountain guide in Mexico.

I supposed the others would join me on the summit, but the thin air of this great altitude had wearied them and they were resting near the lake below.

There are many curious things about this crater. Mr. Powell, the missionary at Toluca, told me there was an Indian altar here with painted hieroglyphics. I asked the guides to show it to me, but they knew nothing of it. On the way up the peak I saw a stone which seemed to me to have upon it a bas-relief of the plumage of an Indian warrior. The feathers were quite regular on each side, with a head band below. This might, of course, be a mere natural freak, but it looked to me like a rather fine piece of sculpture, broken only at one corner. It was too heavy to carry, and I had to leave it.

We rode rapidly down to Calimaya, and when we reached it, at five in the afternoon, our wagon was in readiness.

A ride of an hour and a half brought us

back to the city of Toluca. By some strange oversight I had neglected to procure smoked glasses for the snow climb. The glare had been dazzling, and all night long I lay awake with a sharp pain in the eyes. At one time it was almost impossible to open or close my eyelids, but before daylight the inflammation had ceased. In addition to this eye trouble, the climber of Toluca is sure to get plenty of "local color" upon his nose and cheeks, that bright, shiny red, peculiar to the mountaineer, which renders shaving a most painful operation, and makes those who meet you stare at you as if you were a candidate for the Keeley treatment.

The conductor on the local train to Mexico was one Drake, from Mississippi. He offered us cigars and St. Louis papers, talked politics, and advocated the spoils system. He had just recovered from an illness. What was it? He had been shot by the agent at one of the stations, a Mexican, who had called him a vile name, which he had resented by knocking the fellow down. Had the man been punished for shooting him? "Well, no; he died." "How did he die?" "From the blow I gave him when I knocked him down." "Well,

did n't they do anything to you for killing him?" "No, they could n't." "Why not?" "Well, they fined me five dollars for hitting him, and then when he died I had been punished once, and they could n't punish me again."

Before coming to Mexico we had been told that it would be a hard thing to find a good hotel outside of the capital. On the contrary, we found it much harder to get a good meal or a good room in the City of Mexico than at many other places. When I went to Ameca-Meca preparatory to climbing Popocatapetl, I supposed that at this small town I should find nothing fit to eat, so I determined to start well fed at the restaurant of the Interoceanic Raiload Company, in the City of Mexico, before the train left. "What have you?" I asked. "Nothing," was the answer. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and I had had nothing to eat since the morning coffee. "Give me a cup of chocolate and a roll, or an egg and a glass of milk." "*Hay nada*" — there is nothing! So I left with an empty stomach and satisfied myself with tortillas and glasses of pulque at the stations on the way. But when I reached Ameca-Meca I

found a clean, cozy little hotel, where they gave me a dinner of six courses, all excellent, served by Conchita, a soft-voiced Indian maiden of twelve years, who did her duty in a manner worthy of the most experienced *garçon*. The proprietor was a Spaniard, a Gallego. His sideboard was rich, decorated with fine china and the best glass, and his cellar was stocked with good wine. There was a huge bath-room, with carved oak and velvet armchairs; there was a big front hall, where hams hung suspended by long poles from the ceiling, and in the hall a spiral staircase which led to a clean bedroom in a big dormer on the roof, where I slept between the whitest of sheets, with a tall canopy over me, a picture of the Redeemer just above my head, and a "Virgin of Guadalupe" on the opposite wall, who turned her soft eyes upon me as I woke in the morning. It was an ideal inn for a small country town.

I made arrangements for three horses, three guides, a mule for the luggage, an *arriero,* or mule driver, and a *mozo* to help generally. My two companions were to join me the following morning, when we would start together for the *rancho* of

General Ochoa, the owner of Popocatapetl, from whom we had obtained the necessary permission to climb the mountain. Then, in company with two Mexican boys, who had never left my sight for an instant since they took my hand luggage from the train, I climbed the Sacromonte, a high hill back of the village, from the summit of which is to be seen a glorious panorama of the two great volcanoes of the Mexican plateaus — Popocatapetl, "the mountain that pours forth fire," and Ixtaccihuatl, "the white woman." The sky was cloudless. The evening lights were magnificent, and it was like gazing on the Mont Blanc range from the Flegère. The lines were softer, however, and although the two great peaks were really higher than any among the Alps, yet they had no companions, there were no great glaciers surrounding them, and the elevation of the valley, some eight thousand feet, reduced their apparent height.

On the following morning, just before our start for Popocatapetl, the guides inspected our outfit, our overcoats, blankets, sombreros, leggings, gloves, goggles, ice-axe, etc., and declared all complete except our hobnailed shoes. These they said

would never do. The snow was too hard. We must buy some sort of foot-gear with an unheard-of name. We did not know what it was, but told the guides to fetch us three pairs. They brought back a huge piece of flexible leather and some leather thongs. Out of this they would make us the sort of sandals they wore themselves. We were to wrap our feet up in cloths and fasten on the leather with the thongs. At this point we rebelled. Our hobnails were good enough for the snows and ice of Switzerland; why not for those of Mexico? Was it a different kind of snow? We would wear no such bandages as they brought us. Those would do better for the gout than for Popocatapetl. The guides said: "Doubtless the señores knew best, but they must take the risk." So we took the risk.

We started from Ameca-Meca about half past eleven. It was a ride of six hours to the *rancho* of General Ochoa, where we were to pass the night. Our path lay at first across the valley, which is fertile and very green for the tableland of Mexico, where the prevailing color is a dusty gray. There was dust enough on our road, how-

ever, thrown up by our own horses and by the vast number of donkeys and mules that we met coming down the mountains with loads of wood on their backs,—such broad loads that it was often hard to get far enough to right or left on the road to keep out of their way. Soon the bridle path began to climb the foothills, and then it wound up the higher ridge which separates the two great volcanoes. This ridge must be twelve thousand feet high, at least four thousand feet above the plain of Ameca on one side and that of Puebla and Cholula on the other. Here, however, was the great highroad to Mexico in Montezuma's time, over which the army of Cortez passed, with much difficulty and suffering, in its first march to the capital. Near the top of the ridge we found the Indian woodcutters who had supplied the donkeys with their loads. These men had erected for themselves little thatched cabins of long grass, just large enough to crawl into for shelter from the frosty air of the night. A little over the top of the ridge, and on its eastern side, was the *rancho.* It was a rude shed with a few stones in the middle for a fire, and a hole in the corner of the

roof to let the smoke out. Planks were laid upon an incline a foot or two above the floor on one side of this shed, and upon these hay was scattered in rather scanty quantities. This was the common bed of guides and travellers. Another shed, still more primitive, gave shelter to our horses. A third was used in the preparation of sulphur, which is found in the crater of the mountain, and extracted with immense labor. There had been very few fine views on the way up, but near the top of the ridge the immense volcano just in front of us seemed ready to crush us under its vast weight of snow. The clouds which had been hanging over it for most of the afternoon lifted about sunset, and the full moon, which rose when daylight vanished, lit it with a very pale light till it seemed like a huge but beautiful spectre.

The guides brought in branches of trees and kindled a fire in the hut, by the light of which we consumed a part of the liberal basketfuls of food provided for us at the inn at Ameca-Meca.

We had heard the most contradictory accounts of the time necessary to climb the mountain. A guide in Mexico had told us

seven hours; the man from whom we had hired the horses said four hours; the guides themselves thought about six hours. We determined to be on the safe side, and told them to call us at two o'clock for the start. The moonlight would guide us sufficiently, and since we had to make the descent and then return to Ameca-Meca before dark, it was best to start early. But the guides said no. Half past three or four o'clock would be early enough. There was no use in rising before that. At last we tried to compromise on three o'clock and they assented, but one of us heard them say among themselves that they did not propose to waken us till four. The remedy, however, was easy. There was no sleeping on that wretched hay, especially after the fire had gone out and the cold wind began to chill our legs and feet in spite of our blankets. If the guides would not waken us we would waken them. Indeed, we had very little confidence in being wakened at all. According to our best experience a Mexican never wakens anybody. When two o'clock came we were glad enough to tumble out of the hay, light a fagot, start the fire, and raise a commo-

tion among the guides. The sleepy fellows would have snored through it, but I offered to each of them a good glass of *taquila,* and their eyes opened. We warmed a bottle of coffee, ate some eggs, and dissected two chickens in aboriginal fashion. Before three o'clock the horses were saddled and we were on our way. The moonlight made the path almost as plain as day, even where it was nothing but a narrow trail down the side of a small gorge and up again beyond. Then the poor animals struggled over vast inclines of lava dust, in which they sank to their knees, and they panted in the thin air so pitifully that we had to let them rest every few minutes. At last we reached a straggling collection of rocks which our guides said was the end of the horse trail, and thenceforth we had to try the lava dust ourselves.

The climbing was abominable. For every step forward we slipped back nearly as far, but we flattered ourselves that when we reached the snow line it would be better. In fact, however, it became worse, for at this time of the year there was no smooth snow spread over the mountainside, but small wedge-shaped blocks of dirty ice, all

leaning in one direction (eastward), and it looked for all the world like a vast graveyard with the stones tilted over. The average height of these blocks was about four feet, and we had to straddle them and cut off the ridges with the ice-axe whenever they were too high, or cut steps in their sides. Occasionally there would be little narrow pathways between them for short distances, but this was over the loose lava dust, which slipped back as we climbed it. The ascent was steep, nearly forty-five degrees in many places, but there was always a fair foothold, not the slightest danger, no rock-climbing nor steep snow slopes; it was simply slow, tedious, and very wearisome, and as the air became thinner the exertion required was very great, and the rests for breath and renewed energy became more frequent and longer. Our hobnailed shoes served us better than the bandages in which the guides had swathed their feet; we slipped less than they. The guides were most unsatisfactory. At first they went ahead, all three of them, leaving us to climb alone as best we might. After a while we insisted that one of them should accompany each of us.

My companions, younger and more agile than I, soon distanced me, and it was nearly six hours after leaving our horses that I finally surmounted the narrow ridge which surrounds the crater of Popocatapetl. During the last hour it was impossible to take more than six or seven steps without resting. At the final ridge a grand scene presented itself — a great circular chasm, more than a thousand feet deep, with wild, rugged rocks on every side, and, at several places below, great clouds of sulphur smoke steaming up, which impregnated the air with its odor and made us realize that this crater was indeed one of the gates of our terrestrial Hades.

The exterior view was by no means so impressive. Popocatapetl is so high above the plain and above all the surrounding mountains (except Ixtaccihuatl, just opposite) that everything looked dwarfed and dimmed by the immense distance. Clouds had drifted around the mountain during our ascent, and at several times had threatened to envelop us, but they had all floated away, and the sky was entirely clear while we were at the summit. Below us stretched the great valleys of Puebla and Mexico.

There was a faint brown mist over all the landscape. The peaks of Orizaba, Malinche, and Ixtaccihuatl rose above it, sharp and clear against the sky. We could see from fifty to seventy-five miles in all directions, but at this dusty time of the year the valleys looked like unsubstantial clouds. The peaks alone were the realities. Ixtaccihuatl was the nearest. It is a magnificent mountain, much more beautiful from the plain than Popocatapetl itself; but it is long and narrow, and only the end is visible from the higher peak — not the broad side which you see from Ameca-Meca or Puebla. The view was certainly impressive, but not so fine as that which had been spread before us from Toluca. Popocatapetl, although over seventeen thousand feet high, seems rather like a huge hill than a great mountain. It is so regular on every side that the rugged face of the crater is all that impresses one with its Alpine proportions.

We skirted the edge of this vast chasm for some distance, and then, returning, began the descent. At some seasons of the year travellers can slide down the slope on petatas, or strips of matting. But this was not possible now, and we picked our way

through the icy tombstones back to the slopes of lava dust, and then, half walking, half sliding, down these slopes, we reached the rock and the cross, where the horses came to meet us and take us back to the shed where we had passed the night. A little refreshment at the hut and then five hours more on horseback to the town. Ameca-Meca is visible from the crest of the ridge and seems quite near, but hour after hour of dusty travel passes before you reach it. An excellent supper awaited us, however, on our arrival at seven o'clock, a little after dark, then a deep sleep in the soft beds of the Spanish inn, and at 6:30 in the morning we were on our way to the City of Mexico.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING GOETHE

IT is interesting to read the conflicting estimates of Goethe made by his contemporaries. In Germany he held a dictatorship in literature more absolute than that of any other author anywhere. Only a short time before, Voltaire had exercised a literary sovereignty of a like character over the entire continent, and Doctor Johnson, full of insular prejudices, had dominated, in much the same fashion, the literary thought of Great Britain. But neither of these men made a profound and lasting impression upon literature. They had both been great men of their time, but the admirers of Goethe judged rightly when they considered that his genius was not transitory but permanent, not local but universal, belonging to every race and every speech into which his thought could be translated. But if during

his lifetime his own country was enthusiastic, his reputation abroad was of slow growth. When *Goetz von Berlichingen* appeared, the French *litterateurs* and the French king himself considered it a base imitation of all that was worst in the English drama. De Quincey, while acknowledging the merits of Goethe, devoted most of his celebrated essay on the German poet to a refutation of "the extravagant claims of his admirers," and insisted that the foundations of Goethe's reputation were (1) his great age and literary fecundity, (2) his official rank, and (3) the enigmatical character of much that he wrote. Goethe, said De Quincey, had mistaken his calling. He ought to have confined himself to pastoral poetry, of which *Herman und Dorothea* was so admirable a specimen. His reputation would surely decline.

In the essay concerning *Wilhelm Meister,* De Quincey criticises mercilessly, and sometimes with great justice, the behavior of the characters in the novel. Other critics have observed that no gentleman could have written *Wilhelm Meister.* The answer of Goethe's friends is perhaps sufficient, that it was written, not so much by a

gentleman, as by a *man*; that the faithfulness of the portrait was the predominating principle. In fact, the keynote of all Goethe's writing is truth embodied in poetic form.

Perhaps no man who ever lived was a more complete type of humanity than Goethe. Its reason, its passions, its strength, its weakness, its beauty, its deformities — he embodied them all. I know of no picture which more completely represents the complete man than the picture of Goethe. I know of no head which represents the fulness of human characteristics so well as Goethe's head in the statues and models which have come down to us. And it is not only his appearance and characteristics which seem to embody humanity, but his career itself. He had tried all things. His life was as complete as any recorded in history. He lived to a ripe old age, amid favorable surroundings. From his ancestors he acquired the traits which underlay his greatness: something of his father's sturdiness, but much more of his mother's serenity and cheerfulness. His education was such as would naturally contribute to the making of a many-sided man. It might be called desultory, but it was cer-

tainly comprehensive. Besides his Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and English, he had a little chemistry and mathematics, a good deal of alchemy, a smattering of theology and law, interspersed with riding, fencing, dancing, drawing, and music. Thus he naturally acquired some knowledge of a great variety of subjects. His life flowed in an unbroken stream of prosperity. Goethe realized, perhaps more than any one else, the old pagan idea of blessedness — a sound mind in a sound body.

His employment at the court of Carl August of Saxe Weimar was specially favorable to his literary life. The little German dukedoms and principalities, which were in many respects a curse to the land, were in one way an advantage. They formed nuclei of artistic and literary culture. Each of the petty princes became a Mæcenas to the poets and artists whom he attracted to his court.

There were, it is true, some disadvantages in this. The love of liberty, one of the highest inspirations to poetry, was wanting. Adulation stood in the place of love of country. Goethe has been charged with lack of patriotism, and his service at court was perhaps responsible for this shortcoming.

But such service has also compensating advantages. It is not necessary for the poet to seek merely popular applause. The artist can be truer to his ideals. And thus it was with Goethe. He wrote many things which were not appreciated at the time by the public, and it was by such work that his influence upon the thought of Germany at last became so absolute.

His literary productions were as many-sided as his life. He has not done the best work in any one department of literature. In the drama, where he reached the highest point of his literary career, he is inferior to Shakespeare, as a poet he is behind Homer and Dante, as a novelist he is far below Thackeray, as a scientist his place is subordinate, as a philosopher he is often inconsistent and irrational, and yet he showed a catholic spirit, a power to be all things that man is capable of being, which is not found elsewhere in literature or in life. So multiform is his genius that his works would hardly be attributed to one man if it were not known that Goethe was the author. There is *Goetz von Berlichingen,* strong, rugged, unfinished, an admirable portraiture of character, in which form and

dramatic unity are disregarded; there is *The Sorrows of Werther,* a masterpiece of the sentimental school, a little morbid, but none the less true to human nature, awakening the sympathy and tears of a generation; there is *Iphigenia,* the best reproduction in modern literature of the cold, statuesque, classic drama; there is *Torquato Tasso,* embodying the intellectual and spiritual struggle of the Renaissance; there is *Egmont,* a wonderful medley of deep passion and exalted patriotism; there is *Hermann und Dorothea,* the most perfect pastoral since the time of Theocritus and the *Georgics;* there are Goethe's scientific doctrines, his forecast of the great doctrine of evolution, his theories of color and light, inaccurate perhaps, but still a proof of his many-sidedness; and, finally, there is *Faust,* the only great dramatic poem of ancient or modern times worthy to rank with the masterpieces of Shakespeare.

The secret of much of Goethe's power was that he drew the sources of his literary work from his own experience—an experience so variegated and indeed universal that it becomes to us, through the medium of his genius, the experience of humanity itself.

ON THE FRAILTIES OF LITERARY CRITICISM

THE world pays more reverence to criticism than criticism deserves. I think this comes partly from the fact that, oftener than we think, we take men at their own estimate of themselves, and there is in the very fact of censure an implied superiority over the thing censured. As the judge outranks the litigant, so the critic rises in our imagination above the author, especially if he handle the latter without gloves. For it is unfavorable criticism which is most impressive. We know that any fool can applaud, but we think it requires discrimination to find fault. Hence the great reputation acquired by Voltaire's Pococurante, who disdained Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Milton, the man of science—everybody, until an enraptured community exclaimed: "What a prodigious genius is

this Pococurante! Nothing can please him!"

In the simplicity of inexperience I, too, used to believe in critics. I did not like to make up my mind on the merits of a book until I heard what these gifted creatures had said of it. I was particularly humble in the presence of those who, like one of the editors of Shakespeare, had said that common readers "must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust or else not have them at all,"— in other words, that we were incapable of forming any just opinions of our own. Scholars of such inaccessible attainments awakened my awe.

But now I know them! After a writer has read the reviews of his own works, he is qualified to "swear at the court" with unction, if not with impartiality. Nay, he has even a better remedy than the litigant. For he may constitute himself a court of appeals, review the decisions he does not like, and even convict and pronounce sentence against his accusers.

This is possible because of the peculiar constitution of the tribunals by which art and literature are judged.

When the Pope dies and the Holy See

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becomes vacant, the Spirit descends upon the entire College of Cardinals, or at least upon the "odd man," in selecting the successor who is to fill it. When a Grand Lama dies, his coadjutor selects from a list of new-born babes three names, and from these the abbots, after a week of prayer, single out by lot the successor of the dead potentate. Thus the Divinity makes known its will and points out the little body in which is to reside the reincarnated soul of wisdom and philosophy.

Our method of choosing the arbiters of art and literature is more simple. There is no need for death to leave a vacancy, nor for any convocation to await the illumination of the Spirit. The inspiration is strictly personal. Each candidate, after contemplation of his own transcendent qualifications, selects himself and crowns his own head with the tiara of infallible judgment.

And so I here propose to crown myself. Luckily no preliminary training is required.

> "A man must serve his time to every trade
> Save censure. Critics all are ready made."

Dean Swift indeed proposes some qualifications. "Sleeping, talking, and laugh-

ing," he says, "are qualities sufficient to furnish out a critic." But Swift required too much. Many a critic is a solemn owl to whom laughter is as distant as the stars.

Being called therefore, as I know myself to be, to review my reviewers, I leap at a bound to a higher pinnacle than the ones they occupy. If the critic of Shakespeare dwells on loftier heights than the great dramatist, how supremely exalted must be the station of him who shall pass upon the merits of criticism itself! I propose to stand on the apex of the pyramid.

Come then, ye arbiters of human genius, and let me see of what stuff you are composed. For now am I the pedagogue and *you* must stand before *me* while I lay about me with vigor and apply the ferule to every delinquent! And there are delinquents enow, and of many kinds. Let me enumerate. First:

THE INDOLENT CRITIC

"O ye chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers!"

Why Tennyson should call you a chorus indeed, I know not, for you speak not

together, and the thing you utter is neither music nor harmony of any kind. Your uproar is more like that of the singing school where, though all sang at once, each uttered the words he knew best and set them to the tune he knew least. You blow all ways, like the winds of Eolus.

Once I wrote a romance and submitted it for criticism. One man liked it on account of its evident historical basis; another declared that the historical incidents had crowded out the story. One admired it on account of the directness with which it appealed to the reader; another insisted that the author should not have addressed the reader at all. One admired the simplicity of the style, and another attacked its mannerisms. One spoke of the beauty of the strange legends which were introduced, while another declared that such episodes marred the narrative. One said: "A mystical tone runs through the book that increases the strangeness of the story," while another found fault with this because it made the story improbable. All of which goes to prove that whatever you say in your story, and however you say it, some men will like it the better on

that account, while others will find fault with it for that particular reason. So whatever an author may do, let him not try to please everybody.

But although Tennyson may have gone far afield when he spoke of reviewers as a chorus, he was well within the bounds of truth when he said that they were indolent. Nobody knows this better than the publishers of the books submitted to their judgment.

In issuing a revised edition of a short monograph, I was told by my publisher to write a prefatory statement showing why the revision was made, "as a guide for those critics who would not have time to read the book." The advice was opportune, for I find in perhaps a dozen of the clippings before me that the entire review is composed of a transcript of this preface. In a number of cases the words are given verbatim, in others the reviewer seeks (sometimes ineffectually), to give the substance of them.

There were critics, it is true, whose ambition was not content with showing that they had read the fourteen lines of this preface. One of these gave evidence

that he had also examined a whole leaf of the text, since his observations concluded with an extract taken from near the bottom of the second page. Others, after copying the preface, would skip to the final paragraph. The first and last sentence both appearing, how should it be known that the reviewer has not read a word of what lay between?

One of the reviews of a biography I published some years since clearly shows that the reviewer had read the first nineteen pages of Volume I. In his epitome of the contents of these pages, the subject of the biography is safely brought into the world, lives with "two old aunts" until he is fifteen years of age, becomes a druggist's clerk and then a hatter, goes to college, marries, practises law, becomes a country judge, and afterwards attends a law school. The reviewer feels, no doubt, that he ought to give the hero a good start, so my statesman is projected famously into life's trials and burdens. But this is all! What else becomes of him we know not, except that it appears there were "exciting political episodes in which he took a leading part," that he

made "important speeches," and "though unaided in life," he had a "splendid career."

The omission of the subsequent facts was perhaps accounted for by the statement that "the history of the part he played in politics is pretty well known," from which it would appear that the only details impatiently awaited by an expectant world were those concerning his birth, his schooling, his trades, his law practice, and his "two old aunts."

I know a lady who shows great aptitude in acquiring a conversational use of foreign languages — an aptitude due mainly to her fearlessness. She will embark upon the tortuous stream of the most complicated sentence if she has merely a knowledge of the definite article with which to commence it. Once begun (and the article is always a good beginning) the sentence has to unroll itself somehow — and indeed it generally does, though there is often a puzzled expression in the face of the listener when it is concluded.

Here the reviewer has given to his inquiring reader the article — not perhaps the definite article, but what of that? If a

courageous imagination can not fill up the void and construct the edifice of a statesman's life and character by the aid of the specimen brick which is thus furnished, so much the worse for those who lack this imagination.

Of course a critic has to choose from what part of a book he will make extracts, but by adopting the theological device of selecting a text *ad aperturam libri* he might make his method of review a little less self-evident.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC CRITIC

Although in the foregoing instance I seemed unable to detain my reviewer and keep him awake beyond the nineteenth page, I find myself reassured by the unconscious flattery of another article, where the critic (though he says very little about the book) seems to have absorbed from its pages an enthusiastic admiration for the hero, and follows the important steps in his career with two columns of approving plaudits. The author of this review does not hesitate to sign his name in full, and his words come like sweet waters after a

toilsome journey, bringing joy to the heart of the biographer and showing him in a most practical way that, however humble may be his task in following the footsteps of the great, it is a task not devoid of opportunities for inspiration.

THE CAUTIOUS CRITIC

But it is not every critic who is willing to "let himself out" in this generous manner. Most of them feel the restraints imposed by the obligations of their awful calling.

Some indeed seem to be over-cautious in pronouncing judgment. For instance, one reviewer says of the author's statement regarding the probability of a conflict between the civilization represented by the Slav and that of the Anglo-Saxon: "We are neither inclined to doubt this nor to affirm it with him." It is hard to overpraise the discretion of a critic who is unwilling to affirm a proposition upon which he is equally unwilling even to entertain a doubt. It is feared, however, that very few results could be achieved by criticism if its votaries were all so prudent.

THE UNDESCRIPTIVE CRITIC

But it is not caution alone that produces sterility in criticism. Many reviewers confine their estimates to adjectives which are undescriptive and meaningless.

A class in English literature recently met in one of the lecture-rooms of a woman's college, and the instructor called for criticisms from the students. "Miss ——, what have you to say regarding the tragedy of Hamlet?" There was a slight hesitation, a blush, and then an answer, "Why, I liked it, Professor!" and as the exegesis thus concluded, a ripple of laughter went softly round the room.

Much of the criticism I encounter is of the same character — barring the hesitation and the blush. The books are "interesting," "well worded," "readable," "instructive," though how or why the reader must find out as best he can.

The son of the Vicar of Wakefield learned that the whole secret of the criticism of paintings consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.

The canons of much of our literary criticism seem to be quite as simple. A small catalogue of adjectives, applied indiscriminately, supplies the needs of the art.

THE TRUCULENT CRITIC

But the adjectives are not always complimentary. Some of them, indeed, are so far the opposite as to lead to a suspicion of rabies. I have specially noticed that anti-imperialists, being apostles of "peace and good-will" and opponents of "militarism" and forcible measures, are, more than all others of the children of men, the proprietors and usufructuaries of that vocabulary which naturally leads to armed conflict. While their combativeness may not rise to the dignity of assault and battery, they are more than usually prone to the taking of that preliminary warlike step known to the Hoosier as "a provoke." One of these special messengers of the olive branch says that the author's "inexhaustible supply of views" is "nonsensical," "monstrous," "a mere appeal to racial hatred of the same low order as that which leads white men to lynch black men," and that the author

himself, though posing "as an independent and disinterested philosopher," is "the most dangerous kind of demagogue," fortunately, however, of "the type which is left farthest behind in the race of life."

THE CRITIC WITH INSIGHT

It is acknowledged, I believe, that the highest and rarest qualification for criticism is "insight," the power of reasoning from "internal evidence," from the book back to the writer. By means of this gift, spurious passages are eliminated, genuine manuscripts are distinguished from forgeries, and truth from romance. Nay, more, hidden authorship is sometimes revealed, that of Bacon, for instance, as the writer of Shakespeare's plays. Whole histories have been written by the aid of this subtile power.

Blest with this quality in no small degree, one of my critics has undertaken to write part of my life, constructing it out of the biography which he was reviewing. I moved to Indiana just before the death of its great war governor, and when afterwards I began his biography my prepossessions were not altogether

favorable to him. It was only as the work progressed from day to day, as I delved into contemporary material and saw the rugged but majestic lineaments of an heroic character come slowly forth from the confused masses around it, that doubt gave way to admiration, that the labor became a pleasure, and I followed a great life with sympathy, indeed, yet I hope not without fairness, to its close. But my critic (whose review appeared in the organ of the opposite political party) proceeds to deduce from the biographer's detailed knowledge of local events the fact that he resided in Indiana at the time.

> "Probably we are yet too near the stormy period in which he played such a conspicuous — indeed such an overshadowing — part to expect from any writer a judicial view of his character and work. Least of all is this to be expected from one who, like the author of this biography, lived in Indiana throughout that stormy period, and who, although but a boy when that strong stern figure was at the helm, breathed an atmosphere surcharged with passion and prejudice."

Happy indeed are those who can thus reason unerringly from effects back to causes, and give true explanation and

excuse for partisan prejudice and political strabismus, all from the internal evidence of the work itself!

Then there is

THE ANALYTICAL CRITIC

He too finds in a book much of which the author never dreamed. He is the man who "rates" you and "classifies" you, as I am doing now to him by way of retribution.

The "reader" of the house which published a story I had written asked me: "How do you classify it? Is it an historical novel, or a pastoral, or a satire?" I answered him that I did not think it was my business to classify it; that as Tammas Haggart said to the club at the pig-sty, "A body canna be expeckit baith to mak a joke and to see't, that wad be doin' twa fowk's wark," neither ought an author to be expected to write a book and to classify it too; that I could only say that if the reader of the volume could get from it a tithe of the pleasure that it gave me to dream the strange scenes of the story (whose background I had seen in remem-

brance), it might still go unclassified and yet I would remain content.

Far be it from me to say that discriminating criticism does not exist. Some reviews are admirable, presenting in small compass the gist of a whole work, with observations that are both just and discerning. The judicious reviews are, however, little more than oases in a barren waste. The general average of criticism is sodden enough, and the great mass of reviewers form a motley crew who proffer their half-baked opinions to a public whose mere instinct would be a safer guide than such counsellors.

And it is before the judgment-seats of such folly and ignorance that there have been summoned not only the vagabonds and delinquents in authorship, but also those splendid names which, despite the censure of contemporaries, have lived to adorn literature through succeeding generations. It was contemporary criticism which valued Dante for his physics and metaphysics, his absurd theology and smattering of ancient learning, rather than for his

sublime diction and his superb creative power. It was contemporary criticism which crippled the French drama by senseless and arbitrary rules; which estimated the poetry of Milton as inferior to that of Dryden; which puffed the wretched Montgomery into gigantic stature; which sought to stifle the first flight of Byron's muse; which hounded Tennyson through long years of uncertainty, and smothered the flame of Keats's genius in disappointment and death.

In view, then, of the frailties of criticism, what is to be done? Advice is the common and inexhaustible capital of all mankind, the one kind of wealth whereof prodigality entails no future want. Let me offer, therefore, three words of advice.

The first is to the editor of the newspaper or periodical, and it is this:

Do not try to criticise all the books that are sent to you and which you have not the time, even if you have the other qualifications, to review properly, but organize, if you will, a syndicate in criticism, a harmless sort of a trust, which can specialize the work and have it adequately performed. Then you may print, simultaneously from

slips or from "boiler plate," something which at least will not make you ridiculous.

Second, since the press is very slow in taking advice, and may not take mine, we had better not wait till this great transformation is effected, so my next bit of counsel must be to the public, and it is:

Do not believe a word the reviewer tells you, but judge for yourself.

And now in the third place, to my dear fellow author, whom I love more tenderly than "any little reptile of a critic," and far more than I love the world at large, to him I would impart in confidence the advice once given me by one of great skill and experience in such matters. He told me that if I wanted to be sure of a "good" review, I had better "write it out" myself. While I listened to his words the clouds parted and a great field of wonders lay spread before my imagination. "Is it possible," I thought, "that the authors themselves are the sources of those appreciative reviews that appear in periodicals which I have considered the repositories of literary wisdom? Can it be that criticism is like a Cyclopædia of

Contemporary Biography, where each flattering display of eminent and charming qualities is furnished (together with a liberal subscription) by the gentleman who forms the subject of the sketch?"

I know not, for I am unsophisticated. But it is wise to be on the safe side and take no chances, so if you want a "good" review, and are sure you can get it published, you had better "write it out" yourself.

A BROAD VIEW OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

IT is a very limited horizon that most people have of this great world. Very few can realize that there is anything really important in it beyond the narrow sphere of their own activities. The man, for instance, who is accustomed to the social advantages of the metropolis finds it hard to understand how one who has always lived on a remote plantation of the South may be as courtly a gentleman as any in the circle with which he is familiar. The man from the far West, on the other hand, finds it impossible to believe that those who have been brought up in the lap of luxury in the East can have those sturdy qualities and that manly courage which he regards as the best part of his own character.

In a limited way, I know something of these misunderstandings, for about half of my life has been spent in the East, and the remainder in the Mississippi valley. There is many a man on the Atlantic sea-board who considers all that lies beyond the Alleghanies wild and woolly, and there are not a few who dwell in the valley of the Mississippi who consider the people of the East snobbish, effete, degenerate. In point of fact, while the Western man has generally less of what is technically labelled culture than his Eastern brother, he has, on the other hand, I think, broader and juster views of life, and perhaps quite as ample a knowledge of the things most necessary for the practical conduct of life.

The same kind of misunderstanding exists between the college man and the man who has not had the benefits of a university education. The graduate of the universities can not always appreciate the many splendid intellectual qualities required for the development of a great business enterprise by a man who, perhaps, can not speak the English language correctly; while, on the other hand, the successful

business man is apt to look with contempt upon the training of the university.

There is little need to speak of the benefits conferred by the higher education, but since the ability to look at a question on all sides is among the most rare as well as the most valuable of human endowments, I desire to offer some suggestions in regard to the disadvantages of a university training, and to express some opinions quite different from those I used to hold when I was a student.

I can remember that at that time we all quickly became impressed with what we considered the aristocracy of cap and gown, the feeling that the college man was inevitably a superior being to the non-college man. This feeling was most aggressive, I think, during our Freshman year. By the time we became Seniors the consciousness of this superiority had softened down so that while it was to be taken as a matter of course, it did not need to be asserted. With the years which have followed graduation, it has, I think, become extinct. We now meet the rest of the world on equal terms. Indeed, many of us have come to recognize as our actual superiors in intellect

men who do not know one word of Greek or Latin, men who could not prove, to save themselves from perdition, that the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle was equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

We need not be told, for we all know, that an educated man of equal merit and energy has a better chance in life than he who has not had access to the training that our institutions of learning afford; just as a rich man, who remains uncorrupted by the luxury which wealth encourages, has a better chance in the long run than a poor man. But there is not seldom a gain in the absence of these advantages. The very lack of them will sometimes nerve the man of pluck to more earnest efforts, and while we find a large proportion of university men among the successful and distinguished men of the world, let us not forget that some of the most illustrious of all have been men without such opportunities. Shakespeare, the greatest of dramatists, placed Bohemia by the shores of the sea; Washington, the first of Americans, could not always spell correctly; Lincoln, preeminent among the statesmen of this cen-

tury, drew his inspiration, not from the school, but from the forest and the farm; Herbert Spencer, first among living philosophers, studied at home; John Bright, the most distinguished among the English orators of his generation, received nothing but a business education. These things tell us that, after all, it is the man, rather than his technical training, which is the most important ingredient in ultimate success, and that the college is not the only place in which to procure an education. Those who have been brought up within its walls are apt to form too narrow a conception of what education means. They imagine that it is co-extensive with the curriculum. If they have studied languages, mathematics, logic, and philosophy, they think that languages, mathematics, logic, and philosophy constitute an education.

Now this misunderstanding of the real perspective in education is all but universal. Each community has its own standard. The education demanded of the Chinaman who seeks political place, in many matters greatly exceeds our own requirements. He must give explanations by chapters and sentences of the commentaries on the classic

philosophy of China. He must point out the inaccuracies of the old sages who wrote of "astronomy and the five elements." He must criticise the estimates of the character of reigning princes made by the ancient historians. This kind of examination involves a wide range of reading in the native literature, though it contracts the mind to look upon that literature as containing all that is worth knowing in the world.

A man may have the scientific knowledge of an Edison, or the philosophy of a Spencer, yet by the Chinese test he will still be very ignorant. And with us, a mandarin may have devoted half a lifetime to amassing the abstruse and recondite lore contained in the writings of the fathers of the Celestial Empire, yet according to our standard he knows very little. Many of our own educators have been guilty of narrow-mindedness of this sort. They have conventionalized certain things (not always the most useful and desirable) and have labelled these things an education. Whatever his scientific education may be, the man who has not been through the classical course of the German University

is an "Ungebildeter Mensch." There is always a tendency about the thing technically called an education to arrogate to itself a superiority over that kind of training which is not accompanied by the proper trademark. Now there are things not set down in the curriculum which to some men are a better education than Latin, logic, mathematics, or philosophy. In tracking his game or his enemy, the Indian is better educated than we. What we need is a proper catholic spirit, which appreciates knowledge of every kind wherever found, and which is ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to every form of useful instruction, though it be not of our own kind.

The instances are not few in which the learning of the time has been a positive detriment to the natural growth of science and even of letters. The "forty immortals" of the French Academy, the learned arbiters and censors of French literature, have had, it seems to me, a most injurious effect upon the development of that literature. The stern rules laid down for the conduct of the drama, verse and rhyme inexorably prescribed, the narrow unities of

time, place, and dramatic action autocratically imposed, the "harmony of colors" insisted upon to such a degree that servants and subalterns must speak the same poetic dialect as the heroes of the play,—all these things crippled and deformed the French drama, until it became a colorless imitation of Greek models, instead of a luxuriant growth, developing according to natural laws. And even to-day the art of rhetoric, very useful when offered as the adviser of talent, becomes positively noxious when it assumes the functions of an autocrat and tyrant of literary production. In letters, as well as in political life, the largest liberty is the condition of the healthiest development; and literary genius, like organic life, must grow and bear fruit, not according to the rules which learning prescribes, but according to the laws of its own being, according to the individual characteristics of the author.

It ought to make the man of learning modest to reflect how much of error there has been in the so-called knowledge of the time. How long the world has been in unlearning the things that have been learned before! How long it took mankind

to disbelieve the Ptolemaic theory that the sun revolved around the earth! What a flood of orthodox erudition was poured out upon Galileo!

The learning of one generation is often the laughing-stock of the next. How many hundreds of years did the learned disciples of alchemy seek the Philosopher's Stone, which was to turn the dross and refuse of the world into gold! For how many centuries have theology and law joined hands for the suppression of the impossible crime of witchcraft! How many millions of human beings have died unnaturally under the manipulations of the men of medicine, who bled them and dosed them until the forces of nature refused to react and their lives became sacrifices to the learned misinformation of the medical profession!

What would have been the future of this New World if the daring originality of Columbus had succumbed to the learning of the Council of Salamanca? For how many generations did the absurd and useless distinctions between nominalists, realists, and conceptualists distract the learned world! What a clog the metaphysical learning of past centuries has been upon

the real advancement of science and civilization! For how many centuries did knowledge remain stationary because men sought it only in the lore of the fathers, in the vellums of a brighter and more original antiquity! All this time Nature was vocal with a cry to be interpreted. She uttered it in the thunder, demanding that man should explore and train to his service the forces which forged the thunderbolt. She hissed in steam her scornful reprobation of the ignorance which knew not how to harness that mighty agent to the ships and chariots of the world. In the petals of every flower she besought mankind to unfold the methods of its growth and beauty. In beast and bird and fish she held up to eyes that would not see, that great law of evolution by which every marvel of organic life has been developed from the simplest cell. From the stars she flashed the message what they were, and asked nothing but the spectroscope for the interpretation. But through all these ages, the learning of the world, shut up in cloisters, reiterated, parrot-like, the truths and errors of past times and spent itself in metaphysical subtleties.

And can we say of the learning of to-day that it is free from this same fault? Do we not still often mistake the arbitrary product of our imagination for the final truth of science? I remember studying in college a system of Empirical Psychology, as it was called, *The Mind as Revealed in Consciousness,* and my only criticism of the very learned work which formed our text-book was that the mind was thus revealed to the consciousness of some other man, not to mine. To him it might be the truth of science, to me it was the work of a not very healthy imagination.

When so much of the learning of the schoolmen has turned out false, what security have we that the lore into which we have been delving is the ultimate truth? Time perhaps will tell, though it may not be the time in which we live.

Yet even in our own time we discover the error of much of our instruction. Take for example the so-called science of political economy, where we deduced by most irrefutable logic that the men who bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest, contributed, by means of the beneficent and permanent law of competition, to the

ultimate wealth and happiness of mankind. But now a great doubt arises whether competition is not destructive of itself as well as of the multitudes who perish under the wheels of its heavy car, and the effort of all modern industrial life is to avoid, by wise and economical co-operation, its needless waste and destruction.

So here let me utter a precept of great academic heresy. Let us not believe all we have been taught. Most of it may be true, but unless history is false, all of it can not be. Let books and instruction advise and guide us, but never control our own convictions. We may ourselves add to the sum of man's knowledge something wiser and truer than that which they contain. Let us keep our minds in that receptive condition which is willing not only to learn, but to unlearn, and this from every source—from books, from the world, from nature, and from the light within our souls.

A wise man is equally removed from that illiterate dogmatism which asserts that all valuable knowledge is found in practical experience, outside of books, and the pedantry which considers that it is all in

books. There is one kind of knowledge, extremely valuable to all of us, which must be acquired mainly by experience with the world. This is our knowledge of men. We can not learn this from the printed page. Shakespeare may lay bare the hidden mainsprings of human action; Tolstoi may dissect human nature until we are astounded and shocked by the faithfulness of the portrait; but, after all, it is a certain native intuition combined with practical experience which gives us the best knowledge of men. It is outside the walls of the lecture room that these lessons must be learned. A life of constant intercourse with our fellows is the school which best instructs us what they are and what we are ourselves.

There is another kind of culture which no books can furnish, which no institution of learning can supply—the culture of those spiritual faculties, those electrical forces of our nature so elusive to the touch, yet so powerful in overcoming all things.

Let us not lose sight of that quality which no academic examination can test, but which is nevertheless the divinest of all human gifts—enthusiasm. Learning alone

has not accomplished half so much. From books alone men rarely drink its inspiration. Its source lies deeper. It was the enthusiasm of the unlettered Mahomet which drew forth those millions of Saracen cimeters for the conquest of the world. It was the enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit which gave birth to the era of the Crusades. It was the enthusiasm of the early abolitionists which began the agitation that culminated in the overthrow of African slavery. Every martyr whose blood has resanctified religion, every daring aggressor whose new thought has added to the truths of science, every Galileo, every Huss, every Luther, every Columbus, attests the power of enthusiasm even more than the power of intellectual culture. It was in the enthusiasm and utter devotion of the unlettered fishermen that Jesus saw fitter instruments for the propagation of his gospel than in priest, rabbi, scribe, or Pharisee learned in the laws of Moses and the Prophets. Unless we have this gift we may have all the learning of the time, and it will be of little avail. Learning is valuable only on the condition that it does not destroy this greater and more godlike quality.

Let us believe in ourselves. Not that confidence which arrogates any superiority over our fellows, but the faith which through every disaster continually whispers in our ears the prophecy that we will win. We may work long and see no result. We may knock and hear no answer, nor will an answer come except to that obstinate endeavor which through years of irresponsive silence still keeps heart.

How many times has every great man been pushed back in his career! How often has genius labored under the burden of disappointment! What must have been Milton's discouragement when five pounds was the uttermost he could extract from the cupidity of his time for his immortal epic! What must have been the weight of disappointment which oppressed Carlyle when he carried the manuscript of *Sartor Resartus* from publisher to publisher and found no one to take it! How wonderfully has Carlyle himself described man's struggle and triumph in that admirable passage in his Essay upon Mirabeau!

"Victory," he says, "is always joyful; but to think of such a man in the hour when, after twelve Hercules' Labors, he does finally triumph! So long he fought

with the many-headed coil of Lernean serpents; and panting, wrestled and wrang with it for life or death,—forty long stern years; and now he has it under his heel! The mountain tops are scaled, are scaled, where the man climbed, on sharp flinty precipices, slippery, abysmal; in darkness, seen by no kind eye,—amid the brood of dragons; and the heart, many times, was like to fail within him in his loneliness, in his extreme need; yet he climbed, and climbed, gluing his footsteps in his blood; and now behold, Hyperion-like he has scaled it, and on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war! What a scene and new kingdom for him! all bathed in auroral radiance of hope; far-stretching, solemn, joyful, what wild Memnon's music, from the depths of Nature, comes toning through the soul raised suddenly out of strangling death into victory and life!"

So, too, must we believe if we will win the victory. It will not come to all, but more surely than to others it will come to him who, through years of discouragement, works on unflinchingly and will not yield.

Perhaps the main purpose of life is to make of our natures fit soil for the seed of opportunity. It may be that unto one of us some sacred charge may be given. After a thousand commonplace utterances, he may speak one word, and it shall be God's message to the world. Amid a thousand perishable pages he may write one line that will live as long as the eternal hills. After

a thousand fruitless questionings, Nature may teach him one simple law or tell him one new fact, and his place shall be with Newton, and Priestley, and Copernicus.

Let us so prepare our lives that if the call comes we shall be ready, that to the voice of the spirit our ears shall be alert, and the answer shall be upon our lips, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

A BASEBALL ROMANCE

BLOCK Island is about fifteen miles away —right out at sea. We can see the coast of the island very faintly on a fine day, and a steamer makes daily trips thither when the weather is fair, but of late our communication has been much interrupted by the storms and the heavy sea. There is a large hotel on the island, and the guests there wanted to be neighborly, so they invited our athletic association to send a picked nine to meet them in a friendly game of baseball. Our boys started out full of hope, and we awaited their return with confidence that they would maintain the credit of our association, but they came back with a score against them of nineteen to one. Some grumblers talked about a professional in the Block Island nine, and a dissatisfied man remarked that they did n't go over there to play against the colored waiters of

the hotel. But Jenkins, who had charge of our association, silenced the grumblers, told them they ought to be grateful for the courteous treatment they had received, and that we must do our best to entertain the Block Island men properly when they came over to play with us. So the charge of the matter was placed in Jenkins's hands. We all have confidence in Jenkins. To-day the Block Island men came; a special tug brought them over, and we paid part of the expense. They were our guests, and we were bound the entertainment should be a success. We brought down a brass band from Westerly, a gorgeous-looking band with white coats and gold lace,—a regular Austrian band in appearance,—and we all marched out to the end of the long pier to the tune of Boulanger's march, to welcome the visitors. The sea was high, the tug had been pitching frightfully, and there were signs that our guests had not been enjoying themselves, but we tried to cheer them with our music and happy faces and to make things pleasant for them.

Our color was red and theirs was blue. The place fairly blossomed with red flags, red ribbons, red sashes, and red headgear.

The boys pulled out the lower slats from the window shades, tacked on pieces of red cloth to make little flags, and marched in solid column, looking like a band of young anarchists. We talked cheerfully to the Block Island men, but we did not express much confidence that we could beat them. Jenkins was sorry to tell them that three or four of our nine were sick and he had to pick up a scrub lot of fellows to fill their places. Indeed, he had been compelled to take a waiter or two from the hotel to "fill up." One of these was a little, innocent-looking, baby-faced darkey, who rejoiced in the name of Alfred Jupiter Smith. It was easy to see that "Jupiter" (for Alfred and Smith did n't count as parts of his name) never could have had much experience in baseball, nor, indeed, in anything else.

Then there was another man whom Jenkins had "picked up" because he could do no better. This man was a professor, and a rather seedy-looking one at that. His shoulders stooped, he wore spectacles, he had a "far-off" look and seemed to be studying astronomy; he often rubbed his hands gently together and stood on his first

base looking vacantly into space, with one suspender unbuttoned. We all wondered why on earth Jenkins had assigned such an important place as first base to that sort of a man. But Providence always favors the unfortunate, and it could be nothing less than a special Providence which dropped all those balls into his hand just at the right instant, to put out some Block Islander who was running for first base. The hand which caught the ball always happened to be the one next to the fellow who was trying to make his base, and it seemed to touch him involuntarily.

The "professor" looked so sleepy through his spectacles that the Block Islanders tried to steal bases from him, and it was not until after five of them had been caught out in the attempt that they came to the conclusion he was actually awake. And then Jupiter! The little fellow was worthy of the great Olympian whose name he bore. Before the game began we openly expressed to the Block Island men our disapproval that Jenkins should make such an insignificant waiter boy the pitcher of our nine at such a time, and when they saw him they offered to increase the odds

against us. We bore this affront with patience, but I afterwards learned that some of our people consented to take the offered terms (ten to one) "just to stand by our home nine, not because there was any chance of winning." But as soon as Jupiter began to pitch, the Block Islanders batted wildly "into thin air" and sometimes rolled over in the attempt. Not once in a dozen times could they even run to first base, and if they did their joy only lasted for a moment. They got no farther. The small boys who sat in long rows on the hillside near the grand stand soon began to shout in chorus, "What's the matter with Jupiter? H-e-'s a-l-l r-i-g-h-t," and then they turned somersaults in concert, and kicked their feet in the air all at the same time and yelled a new cheer, "Jupiter! Jupiter! Wah! Hoo! Wah!" At each new stroke of fine play the joyful clash of cymbals resounded from the row of seats against the fence, which were occupied by the Austrian band, while a tinge of melancholy overspread the fair faces on the front rows of the grand stand. These seats had been reserved for the ladies who came with the Block Islanders, to share the glory of their expected triumph.

The catcher, too, was another man selected "on the spur of the moment." But in baseball, as in public speaking, it is the impromptu which succeeds, and I suspect it is just the same sort of impromptu. This catcher had a way of getting the ball before the batter had any chance at it. He never missed. Certainly Jenkins was in luck when he hit upon those three men. One inning after another was played and Block Island could not make a run. Thirteen to nothing was the score at the end of the sixth inning. The time was short, the guests had to leave and there was only one more inning to be played. Then a forgiving smile stole over the fine, benevolent countenance of Mr. Jenkins. He said something to the catcher which we did not hear, but immediately afterward the ball struck the catcher's arm and hurt him badly, so that he missed several times and the Block Islanders triumphantly made three runs at the finish, amid the wildest shrieks of delight from the fair companions of their journey and amid the equally emphatic shrieks of derision from the small boys. So the game closed 13 to 3 in our favor.

Then our band struck up a proud anthem of triumph, the small boys with their red flags led the way; we formed a hollow square around our immortal nine and marched in solemn state back to the hotel, amid the waving of hundreds of fair hands and handkerchiefs brought thither to witness our revenge. The Block Islanders were cordially invited to come along, but they neither shared our enthusiasm nor appreciated our delicate attentions. In less than thirty seconds after the game closed not one of them could be seen. Ever since the game began they had spent the time howling, first at the umpire, then at the catcher, then at Jenkins, then at the whole of us, and even the three runs at the finish did not dissipate their unreasonable irritation. The last we heard of them was that a man had hurried into the telegraph office and sent the following to Block Island:

"Beaten; thirteen to three—professional battery."

The last we saw of them they were climbing solemnly into the tug one after another, and the last we saw of the tug it was tossing like a cork upon the waves. It was not yet out of sight when Jenkins

called around him the members of the Athletic Association. His finger was placed suggestively at the side of his nose. This is not one of the signs of the association, but we all recognized it.

"Well, boys, are we even?"

A quiet chuckle was the appropriate answer.

A little behind us stood Amos—Amos the prophet, as we call him—a dark-skinned son of Ethiopia, who distributes the morning news to us at five cents a copy. His joy was deep, but it seemed not wholly unalloyed. His smile had a chastened look.

"Well, Amos, did you come out ahead?"

"Yes, sah, but only ten dollars, sah, and when dey was such a chance it ought to ben fifty!"

A VISIT TO YUCATAN

NO one is lured to Yucatan by the advertisements of railway or steamship lines, or by delusive circulars setting forth the charms of a personally conducted tour through fairyland. On the contrary, the great difficulty is to find out anything about that peninsula at all. It is a sail of only thirty-six hours from Havana to Progreso, yet scarcely anybody in Havana could give me any information about Yucatan. I asked the salesmen in a number of bookstores if they had a guide to the country. They smiled as they answered that they had never heard of such a thing. Steamers of the Ward Line sail every week to Progreso. I sought information at the office of that company, but nobody knew anything. I learned there was a railroad to Merida, but whether it went any farther no one could tell. There was a Mexican

fan merchant on the Calle Oblispo—perhaps he would know. I sought him out. He had been to Merida, but knew of nothing beyond.

"Is there a hotel there?"

"Yes."

"Is it a good one?"

"No. Bad."

"How bad?"

"You have travelled in Spain?"

"Yes."

"You have seen bad hotels there?"

"Yes."

"Very bad?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is worse than any you have ever seen."

"What is the matter with it?"

"The first two or three nights you will not sleep."

"Why? On account of the mosquitoes?"

"Yes, the mosquitoes, and—everything."

This offered a large field for the imagination.

Then I went to the Mexican Consul, a courteous gentleman, who told us what little there was to tell of the railroads in Yucatan, showed us the time tables and

rates of fare, assured us that there was a hotel in Progreso as well as in Merida and other places, and when we asked how good they were, answered, "They are plain, but that will add to the interest of your visit." There were vehicles, he said, to take us to the old ruins; the climate was hot, but not specially unhealthy in the winter season, and a number of persons went every year, both from Mexico and from foreign parts, to see these stately relics of aboriginal civilization. So we resolved to take "pot luck" in climate, hotels, and whatever else was to be found in Yucatan. The Mexican Consul did not speak English, but he made the little Spanish that we knew go a long way, understanding without difficulty the conglomerate in which we struggled to express ourselves, and he illustrated his answers with such apt gesticulation that we could hardly have failed to make them out if they had been Sanskrit or Chinese.

Then we went to the money-changers to get some Mexican silver for our greenbacks. Twenty dollars apiece seemed little enough to begin with, yet when we got two for one in big Mexican coin we began to feel as if we had too much ballast aboard, and

we could realize in a small way the meaning of the laws of Lycurgus, which established iron as the currency for Sparta.

We left Havana in the midst of a squall of rain and wind on the *Orizaba*, a beautiful, large steamer of the Ward Line, and we were surprised, after we had passed the narrow strait which connects the bay with the sea, to find how well she rode the huge swells that came in "dead ahead." But our satisfaction was short-lived. We changed our course a little and the wind shifted still more, so when night set in we were in the trough of the sea and the steamer was rolling most unpleasantly. We tried to sleep, but were tossed about in such lively fashion that our energies were devoted exclusively to keeping in our berths. One lady, who had propped herself in with pillows, was thrown headlong upon the floor. We could hear the dishes crashing in the pantry and doubted whether enough would be left to set the breakfast table. Water poured in in great quantities, and our efforts to dress next morning were acrobatic performances unusual even in great storms. A "Norte" was blowing and the sea was high, but the dancing of the boat

was greatly in excess of the requirements of the storm. The cook was pitched headlong across the kitchen. An old gentleman who stood at the door of the smoking-room was sent flying to the other side of the apartment and then back again, cutting his head and hand very badly. One of my companions had an ugly gash across his thumb, and at the table the breakfast and dinner rolled into our laps. Toward evening the wind slackened, but as the steamer was flat-bottomed and had little cargo, it refused to be comforted. Next day the weather was rather better and we anchored in the open roadstead at Progreso. A tug came out to meet us, tossing like a cork on the water, and one after another we took a "leap for life" upon her deck as she rose on the short, jerky waves. The women were lowered in heavy casks, cut open at one end and part way down one of the sides. They were swung off from the steamer, and as the tug rose were caught by men below and hauled down. There was much weeping and screaming, but all were at last safely deposited upon the little boat and we steamed for the shore, some two miles away, where a long iron pier

projected into the sea. There was much difficulty in landing, but finally we all came safely off and walked down the pier to the custom-house. The custom-house inspector at Progreso did his duty. He insisted that everything should be opened, he looked through every parcel, however small, but he gave no unnecessary trouble and he expected no fee. Indeed, Yucatan is one of the few countries where "tips" are not generally given. It has not yet been spoiled by the tourist. The cars on the railway to Merida are like those in the United States, but there is no upholstery, as this would be inconvenient in the climate of Yucatan. The land is very flat. We passed through a forest of stunted trees and bushes until we reached the haciendas, where henequin was planted in long rows like Indian corn. On these farms there are *ingenios,* or factories for reducing the plant into hemp for exportation. Around each farmhouse is a grove of palm and laurel.

After an hour or more we reached Merida. We secured quarters at the Hotel Independencia, taking our meals at the Lonja Club, two squares away. My room opened upon a little balcony overlooking

the plaza. The ceiling of this room was nearly twenty feet high, the floor was of brick tile, the bed was a cot with no mattress, and above it was set a scaffold for the mosquito net. The hotel was a stone building, one hundred and ten years old, with quite original sculptures over the doors and windows. The outside was covered with stucco and decorated in imitation of stone, much like our own fashion of painting our woodwork, and then graining it so as to resemble the wood which has just been covered up. The plaza was very beautiful in the bright moonlight. There were white walks and green trees, over the tops of which appeared on the left the massy gray walls of the Cathedral of Merida, a huge building of the conventional Spanish type, and on the right the graceful tower of the Ayuntamiento, or City Hall, and the Corinthian portico of a new business building—all looking very fresh and clean.

In the winter season Merida is a pleasant city. It is an inland Havana on a small scale, with many of the evil odors and much of the dirt eliminated. It has its tramways and its electric lights, but still it

bears the appearance of antiquity. When we arrived, the air was fresh and next morning it was too cool to be comfortable, but this was exceptional weather, even for February. During a few hours in the middle of the day the sun's rays poured down with great vigor and we sought speedy shelter from them. A visit to the market the next morning revealed the fact that this day had been a St. Bartholomew for the dogs of Merida. They were lying dead in heaps and rows, destroyed by the poisonous wiles of the butchers whose meat they had consumed without proper payment. This and the weekly cock fight (a prominent feature among the amusements of the city), as well as the brutal treatment of the poor little horses that drag the cabs through the streets, reveal the worst side of the Spanish-American character—its insensibility to the feelings of dumb beasts.

The Lonja Club occupies one of the finest buildings in the city, a large, one-story edifice covering much ground, with a courtyard in the middle, galleries around, and on the outside of these the rooms of the club, restaurant, library, etc. In the courtyard a temporary stage had been constructed, for

the club was to give a dramatic performance the evening after our arrival in the city. By the kindness of one of the members we were invited and the spectacle was a fine one. All the beauty and fashion of Merida were seated in the open court and in the porticos around it, under a brilliant moon, and the best amateurs of the city were playing a little farce, followed by a *zarzuela,* a conventional, light musical comedy, written in rhyme, common in all Spanish countries. But we did not stay long. A greater attraction drew us away—a Mestizo ball in another part of the city. We hurried thither and found, in a large building, some two or three hundred Mestizos, all clad in spotless white, dancing their national dances, as well as the quadrilles and waltzes which are now the common possession of civilized humanity.

The dress of the men and women was much the same as that which they wore upon the street, but it was elegantly decorated. The men wore the same sandals, each composed of a leather sole fastened by thongs to the bare foot; the same white trousers or drawers, with the white shirt over them; but the shirt was elaborately

embroidered and sometimes fastened with a set of diamond studs. The women had slippers on their otherwise bare feet. Their stiffly starched white skirts were embroidered very delicately with small figures in bright colors at the bottom, and a sort of tunic, cut low at the neck and falling over the skirt as far as the knees, was embroidered in the same way near the edges, both at the top and bottom. This is so elaborately done that it is often the work of months and years. The Mestizo women are fond of jewelry, and are often bedecked with heavy gold chains, necklaces, and other ornaments. Their stiff black hair is combed back and done up in a little roll behind the head. Their faces are not pretty, but have a very amiable expression. The conduct of both men and women at the ball was perfectly decorous, and those who had charge of the entertainment were most hospitable.

These Mestizos, a mixed race descended from the Maya Indians and their Spanish conquerors, form the artisan class in Merida. They do not seem to have inherited the bloodthirsty characteristics attributed to either of the races from which they have

come; they are a docile, sweet-tempered people, quite intelligent, and as industrious as can be expected in this tropical climate. They will do you a favor when they can, and they are fairly honest—that is, they will "borrow" your cake of soap but will leave your $50 bill untouched. So, at least, they were described to us, and so we found them, except that, although we left our rooms open and our baggage unpacked, we never missed the cake of soap. They speak both Spanish and their own Maya tongue, a language described by the Spaniards as "quite like English"—that is, it sounds a little like it to those who cannot understand the words, as it has many consonants and many monosyllables, and the grammar shows a similar lack of inflections. There is certainly no other likeness.

The next afternoon we took the train for Ticul, one of the larger villages of Yucatan, about fifty miles from the capital. This is the starting-point for the ruins of Uxmal. We were nearly four hours on the way. A pair of brisk trotters on a good road would have done it in the same time, but there are neither brisk trotters nor good

roads in Yucatan. Many of the villages we passed were very picturesque. The cabins were oval in shape and had steep, high roofs thatched with long grass. The sides were constructed of small poles placed close together, sometimes plastered over and sometimes not. Each cabin had but one room, where all the family lived, and we could see the groups before the doors arrayed in costumes of more than Arcadian simplicity. A woman in a loose gown with a water jug on her shoulder, standing at a well, might have served as a model for "Rebekah" or "The Woman of Samaria."

The *fonda*, or tavern, at Ticul was very primitive. Two or three bedrooms, destitute of furniture, except a chair or two, a kitchen in the middle of the house where a few sticks burned upon the bare ground, and a room in front, with a rough table for dining,—this was all. We must provide our own beds. The first question when we asked for accommodation was, "Have you any hammocks?" Luckily we had brought them with us. So we were conducted to the only vacant room, totally bare, opening upon the yard at the back of

the house and permeated with evil smells. There were no windows. There were four rings upon the wall for hammocks. My companions came back with this information to the dining-room, where I was talking with the landlady. There was only room, they said, for two hammocks; what was to be done? But we were unsophisticated. She laughed as she showed us how all three could be hung upon these four rings in the shape of the letter N. If there had been six of us instead of three, she would have shown us how to hang them, some low and others high, so as to accommodate all. Four rings will go a long way toward providing sleeping quarters in Yucatan.

We ordered chickens and eggs and bread and oranges to take with us to Uxmal, for at that place there are no accommodations. Probably we would have to sleep in the ruins. Perhaps the *mayoral*, or superintendent of the hacienda near-by, might ask us to stay all night with him, but this was uncertain; for we bore no letters, and, at all events, we must bring our own food with us. The landlady of the inn was to waken us at four in the morning for the

start, but we had learned from other travellers that we ourselves would have to arouse the household. Indeed, this was not difficult, for there was no temptation to sleep. Our overcoats made bad pillows, the odors were intolerable, the fleas were vicious, and after the first hour or two of broken slumber I could hear the village clock strike one, two, three, and four; and at the last hour I very willingly aroused everybody and insisted upon the immediate preparation of the morning chocolate. The owner of the *volan*, or carriage, which was to take us to the ruins, was already busy hitching his mules, and a little after five, in the bright moonlight, we set out for Uxmal.

The road from Ticul to Uxmal is simply execrable. I measured some of the rocks over which the volan jolted, and they were thirty inches high. The two wheels of our vehicle were enormous, eight feet in diameter at least. The small conveyance that was swung between them looked like a low-roofed omnibus, but it had no floor. Ropes were stretched across the bottom in checkerboard fashion and upon these a sort of mattress was spread. There were no seats. If there were only two

persons they could lie lengthwise upon the mattress and be reasonably comfortable. If there were three or more, the passengers had to sit sandwiched, side by side. There were three of us, and we found it most convenient for each man to stick his feet out between the posts supporting the roof on the side opposite the one where he sat. We were pitched backward and forward like shuttlecocks as the vehicle jolted over the rocks. There were three mules hitched to this conveyance, miserable-looking little beasts with the hair rubbed off their skins, and in some places the skin itself rubbed off by the rope traces. Yet they trotted along at a lively pace, especially where the road was particularly rough.

On the way to Uxmal we passed two haciendas with large fields of henequin and groups of laborers' cabins around the large stone factory. Then we crossed the *cerro*, a ridge of low rocky hills which forms the backbone of Yucatan, and beyond this the rest of the twenty-four miles to Uxmal was wilderness. Climbing the hill was slow work, but on the way down the little Indian who drove the mules rushed over the rocks at headlong speed. Branches

projected from the small trees and bushes at each side, and we had to look out for them as we passed. The Indian boy, who sat on a board in front and drove the mules, had to do the same. Indeed, it was he who got the first smart cut over the eye.

It was nearly midday when we came to the hacienda of Uxmal. The superintendent told us that we were welcome to swing our hammocks in one of his rooms for the night, provided us with a table in another apartment for our meals, and gave us an Indian guide who accompanied us to the ruins, a mile and a half away. The walk was intensely hot and uncomfortable. The tropical sun beat upon us violently, and the small trees and bushes on each side of the pathway afforded no protection.

Our Indian guide could tell us little about the ruins further than to show us the way, but the admirable work written by Mr. Stephens nearly fifty years ago gave us all the information which we needed. There was never a book of travels more entertaining and accurate at the same time than that of Mr. Stephens. His measurements and descriptions are exact, and when we compared the ruins themselves with the

illustrations of his work made by Mr. Catherwood, we found them as nearly perfect as possible, considering the additional decay of the last fifty years. The great bulk of the city of Uxmal is now destroyed, but the palaces and temples which formed the Kremlin of this Moscow of the Maya people still remain in a remarkable state of preservation. There are remnants of the old walls still discernible, and the stately buildings which they inclose are preserved almost intact.

We first entered the Casa de las Monjas, or Nuns' House, a collection of four long beautiful buildings surrounding an open square. Each of these buildings is disconnected from the others, but they are close together. We entered the square courtyard through a "triangular arch," as it is called, where the stone walls upon each side come closer and closer together up to the apex, which is surmounted by a flat stone. Except for this stone it is somewhat like the perpendicular Gothic arch. There are a number of these triangular arches at Uxmal. In some of them the sides are straight, in others they curve inward—like the genuine Gothic arch—until they reach

this flat stone at the top. The Maya people were evidently attempting to do something which was finally accomplished in the Eastern hemisphere by mediæval architecture.

As we entered the great court of the Nuns' House, we saw that the long building on the south side through which we had just passed was lower than the others. The loftiest structure was on the north in front of us. A broad stairway (now in ruins) led up to it, flanked on each side by heavy stonework. The noble building which faced us at the top of this stairway had five front entrances. The walls were plain up to the cornice, but the cornice itself was larger than the building below it, and was ornamented by elaborate sculptures. The work was all done upon small blocks of stone. Over each doorway there were grotesque heads, superimposed one above another, and over three of the doors, the one at the centre and those at each end, these ornaments extended upward in triangular shape. The remaining part of the cornice was composed of geometrical figures, some of them quite similar to the "Wall of Troy."

On the east side of the courtyard was the most beautiful of all the buildings of Uxmal, and it remains to-day in a remarkable state of preservation. Here also there are five doorways, and above the central door are the same grotesque figures. The rest of the cornice is composed of stone lattice-work, and above each of the other door-ways is an ornament of remarkable beauty, consisting of eight horizontal bars, shorter at the bottom, longer at the top, with a dragon's head at the end of each bar, and a head with a head-dress remarkably like those in ancient Egyptian sculptures, placed across the middle of the three upper bars.

The façade of this east building seems to be as perfect a specimen of its own peculiar kind of architecture, as exquisite in design, and as well proportioned as the courts of the Alhambra or the façade of the Palace of the Doges. I do not intend to be an enthusiast as to these ruins. For practical application to the uses of modern life they would be found defective. In some of the buildings the ornaments are grotesque and unsatisfactory. None of these structures is large enough to be impressive by reason of

its mere size, nor airy and delicate enough to attract us by reason of its mere airiness and delicacy, but I affirm in respect to the structure which stands at the east side of the courtyard of the Nuns' House at Uxmal, that if the requirements of modern life, whether for zoölogical garden, picture gallery, or other purpose, should call for a building of this particular kind — long, low, and with many entrances in front,— no modern architect could without plagiarism produce its superior so far as relates to the proportions and general decoration of the façade. Its unknown designer was one of the world's great architects. Remnants of red paint were to be seen in the holes of the lattice-work. The façade of this building (like the walls of the courts in the Alhambra) was probably painted in brilliant colors in past times.

The edifice on the west of the courtyard was mostly in ruins, although the sculptures on the part which remained showed that it had been even more elaborate. The broad cornice was divided into panels, and the forms of serpents twined together surrounded each panel. The mouth of one of these serpents had a human face in its jaws,

and there was a long rattle on the tail of the other.

On the southern building there was also diamond lattice-work, and over each door was a window with an ornament which seemed to represent a small house with a thatched roof, and above the roof the grotesque face of some god or monster.

After leaving the Nuns' House, we visited the Casa de las Palomas, the pigeon-house, so called from the gables perforated by windows, which look like the front of pigeon-houses. These are, however, not the fronts of houses at all. They form the backbone or comb of the series of buildings below, and were built solely for the purpose of ornament. They remind one much of a series of gabled houses in a Dutch town.

Behind the Casa de las Palomas is another courtyard, and beyond this a *teocallis,* a high truncated pyramid, where the sacrifices of human victims to the old Maya gods were performed with great pomp and ceremony. Near this is the Casa de la Vieja, the "old woman's house," a pyramid nearly as high, surmounted by a small stone building, upon which the stone figure of an old woman was prominent.

The next building we visited was the Casa del Gobernador, supposed to be the king's palace. It was more than four hundred feet long and was placed upon the top of three terraces, aggregating some seventy feet in height. The cornice of this building above the doorways was loaded down with grotesque sculptures, and there were several triangular arches in the façade. Here Stephens found upon the walls some fifty years ago the print of small red hands, not painted, but an exact impression of human hands. One or two specimens of these are still remaining. Our guide insisted that this was done in blood, but evidently that could not be the case, since such an impression would hardly outlast the centuries since Uxmal was abandoned.

Another edifice of great interest, although smaller in dimensions, is the Diviner's House, perched on the top of a lofty pyramid, and reached only by a steep and rather dangerous stone stairway. This is said to have been the dwelling of the high-priest, although little is known, even by the descendants of the people who built these structures, of the purpose for which they were constructed.

During our examination of these buildings the heat was stifling, and the *garrapatas* (minute insects, so small that a single one can hardly be seen) would come in such numbers over our white trousers as to require constant switching with a green bush to keep them off. Our Maya guide, with his bare legs, had a harder time of it than we. These little creatures are a great pest. They will burrow into the flesh and cause much trouble if not removed. One of my companions wrote to me three months afterward from Chicago that the *garrapatas* were still with him. I was more diligent with my brush and had better fortune. Our guide removed them from his legs with a piece of wax which he had brought for the purpose, and when any of them got upon our hands the wax was equally convenient for us. We saw thousands of these little creatures upon a single twig or leaf.

After visiting the ruins of Uxmal we remained one night at the hacienda. It was dangerous to stay in this neighborhood too long. At the time when Uxmal was a great city, the people, in order to provide water for the dry season, had constructed

vast *aguadas*, or reservoirs with immense cisterns. After the land became a wilderness, these reservoirs came to be the breeding houses of pestilence, and the climate of Uxmal at the present time is deadly to the stranger. Indeed, the hacienda in the neighborhood has been repeopled several times, the original occupants having perished from the fever. We inquired of the *mayoral* whether it was healthy at the present time. He answered that the season was a very healthy one; there were thirty people then in the hacienda, and only six of them were down with the fever! We kept the doors of our rooms tightly closed during the night.

On our return to Ticul the following morning an accident happened. We encountered a heavily laden wagon drawn by six mules. The road was too narrow for us to pass. There was a collision, and the axle of our volan was so badly cracked that the vehicle threatened to go to pieces at any moment, so we thought it best to ride no farther. The nearest hacienda was six miles away. If we could walk that far perhaps we could find another conveyance to Ticul—"who knows?" We started on foot and the Indian boy kept his place in

the volan till it should break down. We had greater powers of endurance than we thought. The terrible sun hid his rays behind light clouds most of the time, the volan climbed and descended the ridge in safety, and we all reached the hacienda of San José in fair condition. But there was no other vehicle to be had. We must go on ten miles farther to Ticul.

When we had gone a little more than half that distance, three other vehicles like our own passed us upon the road. One of these stopped and a voice from the inside asked us in broken English if we had had an accident. We explained what had happened, and our unknown friend insisted that we should take his volan. He and his companions would get out and wait, and the driver would return for them. This was certainly a hospitable act to strangers. We thanked him, but declined.

The road was monotonous, but not devoid of interest. Upon the ridge of the low hill on the right we could see great cacti growing higher than the trees, and as we approached the village the henequin fields began again, and then the palms and the verdure and white-plastered cabins.

We were hungry as wolves when we reached the *fonda,* but luckily a gourd which we had filled at Uxmal had furnished us with water on the way, besides a little to spare once in a while for our hot axle. Our hostess at the tavern gave us a wretched meal, which, however, tasted as if it had come from paradise; and after an evening's stroll through the town we swung our hammocks upon the rings in the walls of our bare room and tried to sleep. We began to now understand the manifold reasons suggested by the fan merchant in Havana why this was impossible. I was glad enough after once more counting the hours to hear the clock strike five, when I was to awaken the household. They gave us our morning chocolate and we started for the train to Merida.

The scene at the station was curious. Some wild steers had to be driven into one of the cars. They had been lassoed, but it was no easy work to bring them to the platform and put them on board. They plunged and rushed in every direction, and great shouts went up from the crowd as one after another of the men in charge had to dodge and run. It was almost as fine

sport as a bull fight. When we reached Merida a bath was the first necessity, and then a "square meal," the first for three days.

On the following morning we betook ourselves to Progreso to take the steamer for Vera Cruz, but a "Nòrte" was blowing, and although the *Yumuri* was lying in the roadstead there was no communication with the shore, so we returned to Merida by the afternoon train. The hotel at Progreso was insufferable. Pigeons and other birds perched upon the rafters of the room where we breakfasted, and the bad odors of the place, moral as well as material, drove us away. Next morning we came back again, and after some hours of waiting on the long pier the tug brought us out to the steamer, which had to remain there still another day to unload a cargo which the lighters would not take until the "Norther" had subsided. There was a company of jovial passengers on board, among them an Irish priest, who insisted that the Greek language boasted of an ablative, and who gave us much startling information on other matters from a characteristically Celtic point of view. After we started, another

"Norther" came, and as a contortionist the *Yumuri* was not to be outdone. She rolled magnificently. Sometimes the ladies were hurled from one side of the cabin to the other, then they would tumble to the floor together and slide from side to side amid shrieks of laughter, while others embraced the posts and handrails with desperate tenacity. Next morning, however, the storm subsided and we entered the port of Vera Cruz.

ON WILLIAM PENN AND HIS MISSION

WHAT part did William Penn and those who settled Pennsylvania play in the world's history? We are far enough away from the scene of these events to judge with some impartiality, yet opinions are still widely divergent. On the one hand, he is considered an apostle of light, the forerunner of a new civilization; on the other, he is described by Macaulay as a courtier and a sycophant, a supporter of the tyranny of James II., and a participant in several questionable transactions.

The colony he established in Pennsylvania has been regarded as the first example of a new society in which the brotherhood of man was established upon principles of justice and fair dealing, and on the other hand this colony has been described by Parkman as a community in which patriotism was frittered away in internal dissen-

sions, and in which the duty to give loyal support to the neighboring colonies in their life-and-death struggle with the French and Indians was neglected at the dictates of unworthy selfishness and maudlin philanthropy. The truth lies somewhere between these extravagant estimates.

No one ought to doubt the sincerity and the pure purposes of William Penn. He proved them by a life of sacrifice and self-denial. The son of an eminent admiral, he cast aside the allurements of station, and was content, for the sake of his faith, to take his lot among the followers of an humble and persecuted sect. For this he was driven from his father's house, was exposed to general obloquy, and repeatedly suffered imprisonment.

William Penn and the Commonwealth which he established were a fair type of Quakerism — of its self-renunciation, honesty, fair dealing, religious tolerance, and love of peace, but also of the essential weakness of its principle of non-resistance. It has been a Commonwealth, industrious, prosperous, liberal in institutions yet conservative in sentiment, adapted to every exigency except war, and to the

development of all virtues except those stern and rugged qualities which strife engenders.

Although the doctrines of Quakerism mark a step in the world's progress, they are not the embodiment of final truth. Like other sects, Quakerism represents a phase in the progressive development of the religious thought of civilization. It is not the last word which civilization has to utter. Nor were the early Friends, however great their devotion to what they considered the "Inner Light," entirely consistent either in belief or practice. They rejected titles, they would not offer words of compliment, and William Penn braved the contempt of the world and endured exile from his father's house because he would not take off his hat to his father nor his king. And yet the man who refused this act of reverence wrote, in 1764, to the Duke of York a letter regarding the boundaries of Pennsylvania, which began as follows:

"GREAT PRINCE:—It is some security to me, and a happiness I must own and honor, that in these my humble and plain addresses I have to do with a prince of so great justice and resolution; one that will not be

baffled by crafts nor blinded by affection; and such a prince, with humility be it spoken, becometh the just cause I have to lay before him."

These words were addressed to James II., and it must be confessed that there is something of the instinct of the courtier cropping out through the plain language of the Quaker.

William Penn and the Society he represented were tolerant of the religious beliefs of others, yet this toleration had its limits, for, according to the "Frame of Government" which he established for Pennsylvania, members of the Council and Assembly and all judges were to be such only as professed faith in Jesus Christ. The Jew could hold no office. It was further provided that all persons who confessed one Almighty God to be the Creator, Upholder, and Ruler of the world, and held themselves pledged to live peaceably and justly in civil society, should in no wise be molested on account of their persuasion or practice in matters of faith. This would exclude the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the agnostic. The limits of toleration were wide, but the walls were there.

William Penn was willing to grant equal

rights to all his Anglo-Saxon colonists, but William Penn held negro slaves.

The colony of Pennsylvania represented the temperance and sobriety of a God-fearing sect, yet we hear of the sale of liquor to the Indians, until the scandal led to a law providing that no rum should be "sold to any but the chiefs, and in such quantities as the Governor and Council should think fit."

These inconsistencies are by no means evidences of insincerity, but they are simply evidences that the standard set by Friends was such that it could not be consistently carried out, even by those of the best intentions.

This is still more evident when we come to the doctrine of non-resistance. Government itself means force. If force were never necessary, government would be unnecessary. All social functions could be performed by voluntary co-operation. But there are delinquents who will not do their part. There are criminals who break the rules necessary to social peace, who commit murder, robbery, and other acts of violence and fraud. These things must be repressed, without force if possible, but

with force if necessary. Hence the law, the judge, the jailor, the sheriff's posse, and the army. If force may be necessary, the utmost force is sometimes indispensable, even to the taking of life. This force, in the last analysis, means war. Hence, that the doctrine of non-resistance should be applied at all times, under all circumstances, by the head of the civil government, is not practicable. William Penn himself seemed to acknowledge this embarrassment, for in the year 1700, when a riot occurred in East Jersey, he wrote a letter to his friends in that government to show the course he would pursue. In this letter he said

'he knew not what punishment these rioters did not deserve, and he would rather live alone than not have such people corrigible. Their leaders should be eyed and some should be forced to declare them by the rigor of the law, and those who were found to be such should bear the burthen of sedition, which would be the best way to behead the body without danger. If lenitives would not do, coercives should be tried; but though men naturally begin with the former, yet wisdom had often sanctioned the latter as remedies, which, however, were never to be adopted without regret.'

But to put down a riot by force and to put down a great rebellion by arms differ only

in degree. Moreover, Penn in accepting his charter from the king accepted in it the powers of a captain-general to levy, muster, and train man to make war upon barbarous natives, pirates, and robbers.

In 1701 the king required a contribution of 350 pounds sterling toward erecting forts on the frontiers of New York, and William Penn convened the Assembly to lay before them the king's letter. He recommended it to their serious consideration, but abstained from expressing any views in regard to it. In answer, they declined to comply, and postponed the matter to the next Assembly. Penn apparently desired the contribution to be made, for at the next Assembly he wrote again recommending it to their serious thought and care.

But, however impossible the maintenance of peace may be under extreme conditions, the government established by William Penn shows how admirably fair dealing will accomplish it under ordinary circumstances. To me the most beneficent feature of his government is the inculcation of the spirit of fairness. Within a month from the date of the charter granted to

Penn, he thus wrote to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania: "You shall be governed by laws of your own making and left a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person." And again, on April 12, 1661, to friends in England: "For the matters of liberty and privilege I propose that which is extraordinary, and to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of the whole country." In the history of Pennsylvania, there never appeared upon the part of Penn any desire to maintain his own prerogative or to usurp any powers or privileges against the wish of the people, but, on the other hand, always a willingness to make additional concessions and to regulate the affairs of the colony in the manner the people desired. He relinquished duties and taxes that had been allowed him, and carried his generosity to such an extent as seriously to cripple his fortune.

He also insisted upon fair treatment from others for those whom he represented. This is shown in a Remonstrance to the Duke of York by the Trustees of West

Jersey, probably written by Penn, against the exaction of a duty on imports and exports. This remonstrance shows that the powers of government were granted to the Trustees, and that the power of taxation claimed by the Duke's agents was a violation of English liberty. He foreshadows the future doctrine of the colonies, "that taxation without representation was tyranny," in these words: "Since we are by this precedent assessed without any law and thereby excluded our English right of consenting to taxes, what security have we of anything which we possess?" The remonstrance was effectual and the duty was remitted.

Nowhere did Penn's fairness appear more manifest than in his treatment of the natives. He not only bought their land for a fair price, but established careful regulations for dealing with them. Goods sold or exchanged with them were to be exhibited in open market, that imposition might be prevented. No colonist was allowed to affront or wrong an Indian without incurring the same penalty as if the offence were committed against his fellow planter. Differences between the Indians and colonists

were to be settled by a jury of twelve men, six of whom were to be Indians.

In a letter to Robert Turner he says:

> "I did refuse a great temptation last Second-day, which was 6,000 pounds to pay the Indians for six shares and make the purchasers a company to have wholly to itself the Indian trade from North to South between the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, paying 2 1/2 per cent acknowledgment or rent. But as the Lord gave it me over all and great opposition, and that I never had my mind so exercised to the Lord about my outward substance, I would not abuse His love nor act unworthy of His providence and so defile what came to me clean."

The most conspicuous example of his fair dealing was that celebrated treaty with the Indians of which Voltaire said that it was the only league between those nations and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken. The terms of this treaty were wholly free from that claim of superiority which so generally marks the dealings of white men with Indians. Both the contracting parties were put upon a plane of absolute equality. All paths were to be free to both Christians and Indians. The doors of Christian houses were open to the Indians, and the houses of the Indians open to the Christians. Neither were to believe false

rumors of each other without coming first as brethren to inquire. Neither party was to harm the other, but, as there were wicked people in all nations, if any harm was done complaint was to be made, and when satisfied the injury was to be forgotten. Each was to assist the other against all disturbance, and the children of both were to be acquainted with the league, that it might be made stronger and stronger, without rust or spot, between their children and children's children, while the creeks and rivers run and while the sun, moon, and stars should endure.

Under the provisions of this treaty, the colony of Pennsylvania remained free from the devastation of Indian warfare until after the outbreak of the French and Indian War — a period long after the death of those who had taken part in the treaty. And this war was brought upon the colony by the controversion of others, and not by the successors of those who had made the compact.

Another evidence of the justice, liberality, and generosity of the institutions established by Penn is found in the fact that when he received the grant to Penn-

sylvania from the king he made no attempt to gain any advantage over those who had already settled within the territory ceded to him. He gave equal rights to the Swedes and the Dutch, as well as to Englishmen who were already there. And when the War of the Revolution broke out, Pennsylvania was found to be composed of a more heterogeneous class of population, differing more widely from each other in race, institutions, and faith, than any other of the thirteen colonies.

Among the companions of Penn at Oxford was the philosopher Locke, who drafted a constitution for the Carolinas, which may profitably be compared with the government established by Penn. Locke created an order of nobility. Penn abolished the laws of primogeniture. According to Locke, none but land proprietors were eligible to the Legislature. Penn provided for annual elections by the whole people.

"To the charter," says Bancroft, "which Locke invented for Carolina, the Palatines voted an immutable immortality; and it never gained more than a short and partial existence. To the people of his province Penn left it free to subvert or alter the 'Frame of Government,' and its essential principles remain to this day."

It can hardly be denied that much of the superiority of Penn's government must be accorded to the influence of his religious associations, and to his fellowship with a sect which acknowledged no distinction of clergy and laity and placed a low estimate on hereditary rank. His democratic tendencies appear in the preface to his "Frame of Government," where he says:

"I know what is said by the several admirers of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, which are the rule of one, of a few, and of many, and are the three common ideas of government when men discourse on that subject. But I choose to solve the controversy with this small distinction, and it belongs to all three. Any government is free to the people under it, whatever be the frame, where the laws rule and the people are a party to these laws. And more than this is tyranny, oligarchy, or confusion. But lastly, when all is said, there is hardly one frame of government in the world so illy designed by its first founders that in good hands would not be well enough. History tells us that the best in ill ones can do nothing that is great and good; witness the Jewish and Roman States. Governments like clocks go from the motion men give them, and as governments are made to move by men, so by them are they ruined too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men than men upon governments. Let men be good and the government cannot be bad. If it be ill, they will cure it. But if men be bad, let the government be ever so good, they will endeavor to warp and spoil it to their turn."

The institutions established by Penn were certainly more crude than those prevailing to-day. They did not distinguish so clearly between legislative, administrative, and judicial functions. The freemen were to choose seventy-two members of the Provincial Council, over which the Governor or his deputy was to preside and have a treble vote. All bills were to be prepared by the governor and council and published thirty days before the meeting of the Assembly. The governor and council managed the treasury, saw to the execution of the laws, and acted as a court of appeals. The general assembly was composed of two hundred persons, chosen annually. The powers of this assembly were quite limited. It could propose no law, but at the end of the eight days of deliberation it voted yea or nay upon all the laws proposed by the council. This was practically little more than a veto. In later times we have reversed this order. The Legislature passes the law and the Executive has a limited veto power.

The qualifications for suffrage were extremely liberal for that age. Not only all land-holders, but every inhabitant who

paid "scot and lot" to the government, might vote. No taxes were to be collected but by law. In court all persons might appear in their own way, and plead their own case. All trials were to be by jury. No oaths were to be required. All fines were to be moderate; all prisons to be work-houses. All marriages were to be published and solemnized by the parties taking one another as husband and wife before witnesses. The estates of felons must make satisfaction to the family wronged to twice the value, and in default the felons were to be bondsmen until the party injured was satisfied. Slanderers were to be punished as enemies of the public peace.

The sanguinary criminal code of England was abolished, and the penalty of death was reserved for wilful murder only. But even in this provision it is evident that the practical mind of William Penn realized that the non-resistant principles of Friends could not be fully applied.

The first inroads made upon Penn's government found its weak point, as might be expected, in the theory of non-resistance. There were pirates upon the seas, and enemies of England and the colonies

both on sea and shore. Every other colony erected fortifications and raised troops. Pennsylvania alone was undefended. So fair had been the conduct of the colonists that it was believed no defences would be necessary. Yet in a world where the doctrine that might makes right is so generally acted upon, the time comes sooner or later when defences are necessary. This occurred in Pennsylvania at the time of the French and Indian War. The French had won most of the native tribes to their alliance; the British regulars, under Braddock, in their expedition against Fort Duquesne, within the limits of Pennsylvania, had encountered a disastrous and overwhelming defeat, and the frontiers were laid open to the torch and the tomahawk. William Penn had been long in his grave. His heirs had not shown a generous and disinterested disposition toward the colonists. A demand was made by the frontiersmen, mainly Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, for protection against the Indians, but instead of according this protection by a generous contribution of funds and by the organization of an efficient militia, the inhabitants of the colony seized the

occasion to contest their rights with the proprietors, the heirs of William Penn. They were willing to levy a tax, but it must be collected on the real estate of the colony, and the land of the proprietors must be taxed like other land. They refused any aid except upon this condition. The governor did not care to accede to it, and the result was that the border settlements were left exposed to the devastation and cruelties of Indian warfare, and several thousands of the settlers perished by fire and sword. The frontiersmen, in their resentment at the outrages of the Indians, had themselves committed outrages no less barbarous and unjustifiable, and in their rage against the Quaker government at Philadelphia they marched upon that city. The people, including many of the Society of Friends, armed for their own defence, and there was seen the spectacle, unknown until that time, of the broad-brim carrying the musket. An actual collision was averted, yet the reputation of Pennsylvania suffered greatly in the contest.

The colony was also reluctant to take part in the War of Independence, and

although the immortal Declaration was signed upon the soil of Pennsylvania, yet Pennsylvania was among the last of the colonies which consented to the final step.

In the Civil War many members of the Society of Friends found it impossible to reconcile the peace principles of the Society with their duty to maintain and uphold the Federal Government, and some took up arms for the maintenance of the Union.

All these things show the impossibility of carrying out the doctrine of non-resistance to its logical conclusion. But there is another objection to that doctrine more vital than the impossibility of applying it in extreme cases. It naturally begets the willingness and finally the disposition to yield, and that disposition inevitably weakens the moral fibre of him who possesses it.

It was the struggle for existence which led to the survival in organic life of the swiftest wing, the sharpest talon, the keenest intellect, the most resolute will; and the permanent absence of all strife is bound to lead to the deterioration of those qualities upon which depend the progress and advancement of the race. Physical

resistance indeed is only one form of this struggle, but the community which forever avoids it will be less likely, in the end, to make that moral resistance which is necessary for the preservation of its integrity. Pennsylvania has of late years suffered greatly from a political corruption which could not have made such serious inroads if the really good people of the Commonwealth had been more belligerent and more stubborn in resistance. But these good people, by constant yielding, or perhaps by abstaining from participation in political controversies at all, have made the work of their plunderers easy and successful.

All honor, then, to the pure motives, the spirit of fairness and kind dealing which characterized the career of William Penn and his associates; but let us be careful not to put too much faith in the peace principles inculcated by the religious society of which he was so eminent a member.

AN EXPERT IN SCALPING

IN 1870 the Indian tribes in Nebraska and Kansas were under the charge of the Society of Friends, and President Grant had appointed as superintendent of the district the venerable Samuel M. Janney, an eminent minister of that Society. There had been some trouble with the Winnebagoes. A party of young braves had just scalped a man west of the reservation, a farmer by the name of McMurdy, and on their return a number of scalp dances and other festivities had been held in honor of the event. There were thirteen bands of these Winnebagoes, each with its hereditary chief. A number of these chiefs had taken a leading part in the festivities, and the agent had made up his mind that something ought to be done. He adopted the rather daring expedient of turning out the chiefs who had offended, and appointing others in their

places, whom he would recognize in the distribution of government rations and supplies. Naturally, the men who were superseded resented this interference, and denied the right of the agent to depose them. But he was inflexible, and a council of the tribe was called, at which he proposed to announce the changes.

General Auger, on learning of the trouble, had offered to Mr. Janney to send some soldiers to protect the agent in case of an uprising. But the superintendent objected, since he wanted to manage the Indians according to the peace principles of the Quakers. He asked my father and me to go up to the Winnebago reservation, to "strengthen the hands of the agent," as he called it.

There were about fifteen hundred Indians on the reservation, and hardly a score of white men. The chiefs and the warriors came to the council fully armed, a thing then quite unusual in that tribe, although common enough in others. The agent made a speech, telling them that he would no longer recognize the chiefs who had taken part in the scalp dances, or who had in other ways encouraged or approved the

murder of McMurdy. He read the names of the new men whom he had decided to appoint, and told them to take the front seats which had been occupied by their predecessors.

Then the trouble began. The old chiefs got up one after another, and delivered violent harangues, amid great applause on the part of their followers. The leading spirit was Grey Wolf, a smooth-faced, light-colored Indian, with rows of beautiful white teeth, which when he opened his mouth made him look as if he were going to chew up somebody. His face grew fairly livid with rage. He was insolent and abusive. He declared that he had held his place by virtue of the laws and customs of his tribe, and that the agent had no right to turn him out; and he added (a dark-colored Indian named Alexander interpreting his harangue): "I will give you a piece of advice. Get on your pony and get away from here as quickly as you can. It is not good for you to stay." At every violent utterance the Indians, who were squatted about the lodge, ejaculated "How! How!" with great fire and fervor. As soon as Grey Wolf ended, he rushed out-of-doors, followed by perhaps a dozen

of his warriors. A horse named Buttermilk, belonging to the agent, was tied to a tree near-by. Grey Wolf untied him, slipped off the saddle, jumped on his back, and started on a full run through the village, yelling the war-whoop, and followed on foot by the men who had gone out with him. The squaws came out of their tepees and began to scream. We could hear the uproar inside of the lodge, and there was great confusion. It seemed to me that something ought to be done to quiet the disturbance, so I got up and made a speech. Fortunately the Indians who were in the lodge stopped to listen, and a few of the new chiefs and their friends began to "How! How!" in their turn. Then one of the men who had just been appointed made a conciliatory speech, but it was received with grunts of disapproval. Finally Big Bear, an old Indian with an eye gouged out, came up to the small table behind which we sat and began a harangue more violent even than that of Grey Wolf. He was greeted with yells of applause. Suddenly I saw the Indians looking through a window on one side of the lodge, and then all rose and rushed in confusion to the door. A white

man was standing outside. I asked him, "What does it mean?" He answered, "United States soldiers." A small detachment had been sent by General Auger from Omaha, in spite of Mr. Janney's remonstrance. There were not many troops, but just enough to overawe the Indians and convince them that there were more behind. Grey Wolf came back with the pony, and there was nothing more heard of but peace and good-will. Yet I have always had very grave doubts whether, if General Auger's men had not come, the principles of the Society of Friends would have answered in that emergency.

The following winter five Indians were arrested and indicted for the murder of McMurdy. Mr. Janney wanted them to have a fair trial, so Mr. A. J. Poppleton, one of the leading lawyers in Nebraska, was employed to defend them. I was then a law student, and had just been admitted to the bar. Mr. Janney asked me to come out and help in the defence. Of course there was no fee paid to me, but this was a good chance to try my hand. It was my first trial, and I was greatly in earnest.

It was an interesting case. The trial was

held in the little town of Tekamah, at that time a village of perhaps a dozen log houses. These houses were all of one story, except the "hotel" and the country store. Nearly everybody connected with the trial had to go to the little hotel—judge, jury, witnesses, sheriff, and the prisoners in their chains. Mr. Poppleton and I had the only private quarters; everybody else seemed to herd together, except the judge, who stayed elsewhere. The court was held in the attic of the store. You had to go up by a little wooden stairway at the outside. There was only one chair in the room, a wooden arm-chair covered with the American flag and occupied by his Honor. The tables were made of rough boards. The counsel sat upon soap-boxes turned up on one end. The jury sat on a board against the wall. Everybody else either stood up or sat on the floor. The Indians, both prisoners and witnesses, squatted upon the floor.

We had a hard time to get a jury. Whenever the panel was exhausted, the sheriff would look out of one of the windows. There were two of them, one in each gable. He could see a long way

across the plains, and perhaps would spy a man a mile or so off, walking across his fields or gathering fodder. "Bring that man here!" he would say to the bailiff, who thereupon tore across the country and returned with his captive, who would vainly endeavor to get excused from service upon a jury that might involve some little danger to himself and was likely to take a great deal of his time. After two or three days the panel was filled and the trial began.

The evidence was circumstantial. The five prisoners were seen the day before the murder, west of the reservation, walking in the direction of McMurdy's farm, but they were several miles away. McMurdy's body was found in a field near his plough. His head had been cut off and thrown into a badger hole, and the entire scalp had been removed. Three pieces of scalp were found in the tepees of three of the prisoners. Each piece was stretched and fastened by thongs to a willow withe, and painted red on the under side. One of these pieces was identified by the mother of McMurdy, by a scar, as being part of the scalp of her son. The five prisoners had returned together to the reservation, each with a white feather

in his hair, the end of the feather being dipped in blood. Then Grey Wolf was called as a witness to show what this meant. His testimony was interpreted by Alexander. It meant, he said, that the men who wore that feather had become braves.

"How did they become braves?"

"By scalping a man."

"How do you know? Did you ever scalp anybody?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Seven."

"Who were they?"

And Grey Wolf named them all, giving the time and the occasion.

There has been much controversy as to the proper scope and value of expert testimony. We have experts in medicine, in law, in the physical sciences, in bookkeeping, in chirography, and in many other things; but I doubt whether the history of jurisprudence can offer any other instance in which a man was examined and his testimony received by the Court as an expert in scalping. In giving scientific evidence upon this peculiar art Grey Wolf stands alone.

The prisoners were convicted, but the jury evidently compromised in their verdict. They considered, rather illogically, as juries do, that there was doubt enough in the evidence to prevent the application of the death penalty, and they prescribed the punishment of imprisonment for life, as they had a right to do under the law of Nebraska. One or two of the Indians were afterwards pardoned, and the others died in prison.

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